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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Ruling Passion

SPENGLER'S provocative book, "The Decline of the West" is arousing discussion which grows wider as those who have actually read the book (no easy task) gain upon its first surveyors who skimmed it for materials to talk about. Soon his theories of history will disengage themselves from his amazing erudition, like birds from the nest, and will go winging through the popular consciousness where some may roost. Of these, the most interesting is the idea, categorically documented from period after period of human history, that in a given age of a given culture or civilization all products of man's mind are aspects of the same central characteristic. Greek mathematics, Greek tragedy, Greek war, and Greek religion are conditioned by definite qualities of a Greek mind. In the writing of lyrics as in the push toward America, the Elizabethan was consistently Elizabethan.

It is an engaging theory, so much so that the temptation to apply it to our contemporaries is irresistible.

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The years 1920 to 1926 in the United States witnessed a far-swinging shift of interest from the relatively abstract to the highly concrete. Ideas which stirred, to a remarkable extent, the popular mind through the war period gave way to things. In place of a dozen controversies over principle which would draw fire from any audience, only two remain, one the unexpected result of Prohibition, the other that conflict between liberalism and orthodoxy which has been transferred from politics (which are moribund) to the church. The uplift continues, broad reforms in education are under way, there is still concern over our foreign relations, but these are not, as they say, front-page news, except when something concrete happens. They are not major interests, even for the intelligent minority. The feature of this half decade has been neither moral nor intellectual nor esthetic. It has been economic in the narrowest sense and can be phrased as "growing richer." But it is not the increase in vast fortunes that has been significant, nor even the massive wealth of the upper middle class. It is the rise into the area of bathrooms, motor cars, summer vacations, and high school or university education of substantially the whole urban and suburban population of America, leaving out the unfortunate, the backward, and areas of foreign born. The difference between the bath-tub-Ford-*Saturday Evenning Post* stage and the Rolls-Royce-Park Avenue rare edition phase in our civilization is trivial by comparison with the abyss between the habits of the uneducated laborer of an earlier day and his white-collared offspring.

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According to Spengler, the art and literature of the new age should repeat its main attribute, but does it? The movies clearly belong, for their obsession with wealth and luxury is a reflection of the national desire to become millionaires, and the remarkable adventures on the films are an outlet for the imagination of a people too engaged in making themselves safe to take risks, and yet craving, as man always will, romance. Nor is the strong realism, which is the time's mark upon the novel and the drama, here even more than abroad, an anomaly. A generation in search of real estate and plumbing, whose chief excitement is in the stock exchange, and

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Loreine: A Horse

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

SHE lifted up her head
With the proud incredible poise
Of beauty recovered
From the Mycenaean tombs.

She opened her nostrils
With the wild arrogance
Of life that knows nothing
Except that it is life.

Her slender legs
Quivered above the soft grass.
Her hard hooves
Danced among the dandelions.

Her great dark eyes
Saw all that could be seen.
Her large lips
Plucked at my coat-sleeve.

All the wisdom of the prophets
Vanished into laughter
As Loreine lifted her small foot
And pawed the air.

All the learning of the sages
Turned to ribald rubrics
When that proud head
Looked at a passing cloud.

And so, amid this godless
God-hungry generation,
Let us, my friends, take Loreine
And worship her.

She would demand nothing,
Nor would she utter thunders.
She is living, and real,
And she is beautiful.

This Week

"The War Period in American Finance." Reviewed by *Thomas W. Lamont.*
"The Psalms." Reviewed by *Henry J. Cadbury.*
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The Literary Movement

By CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

TWO years ago Messrs. Harcourt and Brace published a volume entitled "Criticism in America: Its Function and Status," consisting of a dozen essays by eminent hands. The conservative party was represented by three professors of literature, Messrs. Woodberry, Babbitt, and Stuart Sherman; Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Van Wyck Brooks spoke for the younger generation; and Mr. Mencken and Mr. Boyd for journalism. All the critics rode familiar hobbies—therein lay the peculiar attractiveness of the volume. Mr. Brownell contributed his wise and stately essay on Standards. Professor Babbitt spoke of discipline and the glory that was Greece. Mr. Sherman had much to say on behalf of Puritanism, and Mr. Mencken shot and killed a professor, crying, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." But, despite the fact that the authors were all seen at their best, the prevailing atmosphere was one of gloom. There was a general conviction among them that things had come to a bad pass. Some of the essayists seemed to be ashamed of our past, and all were concerned for our future.

In particular, there was an uneasiness about the future of our literature. Mr. Brooks, after berating Puritanism and New England on behalf of Young America, exclaimed, "How ill-equipped we are! Our literature has prepared no pathways for us, our leaders are themselves lost." If I understand Mr. Brooks, his notion seems to be that a certain religious and philosophical stability must precede the production of poetry. Since our national acquisitiveness is merely materialistic, he feels that our artistic prospects are not bright. This view implies a derivative origin for poetry, and might be found by some to be a little too humble. I do not see how such a theory accounts for Milton or, for that matter, how it accounts for the "immortal part" of any poet. Poetry is not the offspring of the community; it is in the world but not of it. You may have an eager, self-confident, progressive nation, such as Germany was, awaiting the advent of a world-poet—and waiting in vain. Perhaps Mr. Boyd is nearer the truth when he writes, "It is not the artist who is responsible to the community, but rather the community which must give the artist the material of which his dreams are made." True, but the community can never give him the *faculty* of dreaming; that he brings with him from on high.

The American people—there are, I am told, a hundred and ten millions of them—are of course resopnsible for much that is awry, and, as usual, they get it in the neck from essayists, foreigners, and minor prophets. We have movies and chewing gum, the eighteenth amendment and the bootlegger, bill-boards like the walls of Babylon, and lies as vivid as the flames of Hell. There is much about us that is wicked and more that is vulgar and crude; but wickedness and even vulgarity do not necessarily suffocate poetry. Milton was surrounded by much that was wicked and much more that was vulgar and crude, and he called the Younger Generation the Sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine, yet he contrived to write poetry. But "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" were not, in any very intelligible sense, the offspring of the community. Let the community by all means be scolded and let the Younger Generation be called names; but do not hold them responsible for our lack of a

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Homer or a Dante. Some gifts are withheld by the Gods.

Whence comes this notion that the community is "responsible" to the artist? Do we really believe anything of the sort? I apprehend it to be a specimen of that scientific patter about the "evolution" of literature, and poetry as "reflecting its environment," which has been so peculiarly characteristic of modern criticism and scholarship. It is only partially and superficially true; the rest of it is science misapplied. Are poems subject to the same laws of development as sea-urchins? Who can establish a genuine parallel between literary and biological evolution? To talk of the "evolution" of literary types is to use a metaphor, not to trace the operation of a law. Who shall convince a scientist that the rise and fall of a literary school—say of the Elizabethan drama—bears any true resemblance to the rise and fall of a species—say of the ichthyosaurides? Scientists have long protested against the careless use of the word *evolution* and the adoption, by the uninformed, of scientific terms caught up from popular handbooks of science. Taine's doctrine of the artist as the exponent of the *milieu* in which he originated and Brunetière's theory of the *mouvement littéraire* were useful in their day, and what is sound in them has been incorporated into modern scholarship; but they are dangerous notions in the minds of such as like to conceive of literature as operating under natural laws.

It is perhaps time to remind ourselves that the poet is a divine accident. He does not appear as a response to any natural conditions which may be prepared by a cultured and hopeful community. It is to be feared that he does not even come in answer to prayer, though there are few to be found in any age, perhaps, who pray over poetry. When the miracle does occur and the poet comes, he certainly does not adapt himself to his environment. He is usually found to be an Ishmael all his days, a prophet with a lodge in some vast wilderness. Even when he lives among us and shares our daily life and our daily bread, there is a strangeness about him to remind us that he is not of the world. He is anything but an exponent of the community. As well might we speak of a poet as the square root of the average citizen.

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In truth it is possible to make too much of the "literary movement," which explains, adequately enough, all the unimportant features of an author's work, looks into its secondary causes, and investigates its relation to earlier works. The literary movement in a given age is nothing more or less than the record of its fashions, and to them the great author is likely to manifest a certain indifference. While remaining, even to the careless observer, a product of his age, he stands out in contrast to the army of his contemporaries or else becomes himself the head and leader of the new modes, which the lesser men fellow obediently and from afar. A group of ardent and determined minor poets, bravely chanting their *internationale* in unison, may serve admirably to initiate or maintain (for a time) a literary movement, but all the enthusiasm and propaganda in the world will not produce a great poet. As Carlyle remarked long since, an age may call loudly enough for its heroic leader, and exhibit all sorts of preparation for him, but yet not find him when they call. "All this I liken to dry dead fuel, waiting for the lightning out of heaven that shall kindle it. . . . The dry mouldering sticks are thought to have called (the great man) forth. They did want him greatly, but as to calling him forth—!—"

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When such a great poet does appear, he may exhibit a complete indifference to the literary fashions or he may assume and use them for his own purposes. Chaucer and Shakespeare made such use of the conventions of their day that they became in effect new things. Milton touched the masque only to show its usefulness as a vehicle for high seriousness and profound philosophies of which nobody had ever dreamed it to be susceptible. A new function of the sonnet was, as Wordsworth told us, revealed by Milton:

> In his hand
> The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
> Soul-animating strains,—alas, too few!

When he came to the composition of "Paradise Lost," Milton proved himself a reactionary, for he returned to the literature of the ancient world for his inspiration, nor did he again abandon it. There are no earlier English epics which "account" for his.

As a matter of fact, literary types and fashions are the material upon which the poet works, not the controlling influence upon him. They are for ever awaiting his creative word (*fiat lux*) or his revivifying touch which summons them into new life. Literary types, as the record shows, are more often than not in a languishing state (like the novel at the present moment, which appears to be played out); but it is the office of the poet to revive them. Could there be a more significant record than that of the sonnet, which originally came into existence as a response to the various yet recurrent moods of the love-poet, a function it fulfilled admirably throughout the Elizabethan era, until, as Wordsworth noticed, Milton made it a new thing. Thereafter, except for a few negligible appearances (of interest chiefly to the scholar), the sonnet lay dormant till Bowles, Wordsworth, and the romantics rediscovered it. In the hands of Wordsworth it became again the organ of austere emotion and elevated mood. Nobler patriotic poetry does not exist than the soul-animating strains which Wordsworth blew upon this little instrument. He employed it for many other purposes (alas, too many!), description of nature and ecclesiastical sentiment among them. In the mid-Victorian age, however, the sonnet reverted (so to speak) to type and was found once more specially adapted to the expression, in sequence, of the manifold emotions of the love of man and woman. A number of distinguished sonnet-sequences bespoke its intense popularity among the poets, Rossetti's "House of Life," Christina Rossetti's "Monna Innominata," Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," Meredith's "Modern Love" (which audaciously employs a sixteen-line sonnet of four quatrains), and Wilfred Scawen Blunt's presentation of some of the less regulated emotions in "The Love Sonnets of Proteus," not to speak of lesser sequences or of the many poets who, loving the type, did not happen to link their sonnets into a sequence. And now, in our own day and our own country, the sonnet-sequence proves to be susceptible of yet another development. Mr. William Ellery Leonard (I should call him "Professor," if I were not afraid that he might be shot by Mr. Mencken), has used the sonnet-sequence as a form of *narrative verse*. He has not only carried over the sense from sonnet to sonnet, but the sentence too; and this without departing from the formal construction which has been the convention throughout the history of the type. Of the passion and power of Mr. Leonard's poem, this is not the place to speak. Suffice it to say that it is as novel and as forceful as the type which he employs for its external form.

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As a literary type far less responsive to the ordinary needs of the poet, a type which is perenially perishing yet perenially fascinating to the creative temperament, is the verse-drama, and it has, more than once, by the so potent art of poets, come back into momentary life. Yet the miracle can, it would appear, be wrought but seldom, even by the great. Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Arnold, Browning, and most of the minor poets attempted it with varying degrees of success. Swinburne never recovered from his youthful success with "Atalanta in Calydon," and, in drama after drama, vainly attempted to renew it. Many will recall the pathetic beauty of Mr. Stephen Phillip's verse-dramas a generation ago. But their day was brief, and now oblivion seems to be shutting down over them.

But there is one verse-drama which shows a remarkable tendency to survive. Oblivion shrinks back (perhaps in sheer astonishment) from Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts." Many will recall its first appearance in the year 1904, when it was greeted with shrieks of amazement by professional reviewers and with silent disapproval by the author's friends. Why, oh why, would Mr. Hardy go after strange gods? Why could he not let the poetic drama alone in its grave? Were there to be no more Wessex novels? Was this some subtle punishment that Mr. Hardy was administering to the public for its cruelty to "Jude the Obscure?" Even Max Beerbohm, who reviewed it with all possible consideration was constrained to admit that he did not know why Mr. Hardy wanted to write it. The thing grew. Presently readers realized that there were three volumes of it. It became, as the title-page fearlessly avers, a drama in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes, the time covered by the action being about ten years. It became clear that the animus that prospective readers of "The Dynasts" experienced was caused by their preconceptions regarding the drama as a type. But here was a *new kind* of drama. Mr. Hardy had chosen to use the verse-drama for an epic purpose, and had himself called the result an "epic-drama." It is not to be confused with plays of the type of "Atalanta in Calydon," "Merope," "Ion," and the rest. If it be destined to live, it must be not as a closet-drama but as a spectacle (the word is Hardy's) of epic proportions and significance, with heroic personages, vast issues, "clash of peoples," supernatural agencies, and, from time to time, scenes of Olympian detachment.

None of the merely imitative closet-dramas of English literature has ever had an aim like that. Even Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" seems slight compared with it, though Shelley has an intensity of song that we miss in Hardy.

> "I suspect," says Mr. Lowes, "that there has never been in English letters, at least since Shakespeare, a genius more essentially pictorial than Thomas Hardy's, and in 'The Dynasts' it is at the culmination of its power. All the pomp and circumstance of courts and chancellories, all the glory and (depicted with unsparing realism) all the gruesome spectacles of war, all the little human lives in hamlets and on highways drawn without their will into the vortex—all these pass before us in vivid, incredible profusion . . . As the shifting spectacle unrolls, we are rapt to vast aërial distances, to look down on earth from 'architraves of sunbeam-smitten cloud' with the eyes of passionless or pitying or sardonic Phantoms, whose vision is cosmic, not terrestrial. And not even Swift himself has more relentlessly depicted human littleness."

And now, I should like to ask, what was there in the literary movement of 1904, or the *Zeitgeist* (of which it loved to speak) to account for such a thing as *that?* Resemblances to earlier works of Mr. Hardy may be pointed out, notably to "The Trumpet Major" and "Two on a Tower." The epic holds, to be sure, its place in the long story of Mr. Hardy's artistic growth, but, so far as the trend of contemporary literature and the "*milieu* in which it originated" are concerned, it stands out against them in solitary grandeur.

But there is a positive misfortune resulting from the supremacy and authority of a literary fashion. When the literary movement is in full flow it sweeps into a position of eminence men of lesser ability, whose fidelity in meeting the immediate demands of the public causes them to be acclaimed as men of the first degree of attainment. At this moment the critic makes himself unpopular by specifying defects and counselling moderation. When the literary doctrine changes, and its fashions fall before those of a newer generation, the unfortunate favorite of an earlier epoch is consigned to outer darkness with that scorn and neglect which are always felt for the *passé*. At that moment the critic must risk incurring the contempt of his public by revealing the true, if forgotten, significance of the author, and counselling a mild respect for our immediate forbears. Thus is the critical task committed by the literary movement, quite unawares, to the scholar-critic, the man concerned with permanent issues.

A vivid case in point is the fate that has overtaken the poets of New England who once went by the name of the Concord School. If we fall into the contemporary habit of denunciation, we shall refer, like Mr. Brooks, to Longfellow's "lullabies crooning to sleep the insatiable creative appetites of the soul," and to Lowell's "weak-wing'd song," exalting "the deed." Whittier we shall pass without mention, and Hawthorne with a contemptuous reference to Puritanism. Such a method, to one interested in critical justice, is as preposterous as the exaggerated estimates of half a cenutry ago. Whole sections of the work of these men must of course be consigned to oblivion or, at best, exist in the pale affections of the literary antiquarian; but it is the true function of criticism to remember and restore to esteem that fraction of their work which achieved nobility and serves permanent needs of the human heart. This process, devastating as it would seem to their contemporaries, is but one more example of that winnowing which inevitably ensues upon the disappearance of any school of authors. It is even now at work upon Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, the Rossettis, and their contemporaries. But to assume, with the literary dictators of our own day, that it is a blast which will sweep them all into the Pit, is to be guilty of as great an error as that which would have us exalt everything of our own which may be conceived as expressing the Spirit of today.

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A Financial World in Flux

THE WAR PERIOD IN AMERICAN FINANCE, 1908-1925. By ALEXANDER D. NOYES. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS W. LAMONT

JOHN FISKE speaks in one of his books "of those two giants (Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton) contending for political measures which were so profoundly to affect the lives of millions of human beings yet unborn." The change in the financial situation of the United States of America which Mr. Noyes vividly describes has been one to affect the lives not only of America's millions but of peoples all over the civilized globe. It is this dramatic, this bewildering, this stupendous change which forms the chief theme of Mr. Noyes's book and which gives it extraordinary interest.

Alexander D. Noyes is frequently called the dean of American writers upon financial topics. His "Forty Years of American Finance" which appeared in 1908 gained wide circulation. Now he has brought us up to date with a narrative of what future economists will possibly regard as the most thrilling and important period of American finance; namely, that running from 1908 to 1925, especially the eleven years beginning with 1914. The logic of his treatment of the period under observation and the clarity of his narrative could not be improved. He first describes the situation in the United States just prior to the outbreak of the Great War; dwelling particularly upon the origin of the Federal Reserve Law, the workings of which during the War itself and during the reconstruction period after the War saved the American business community, in Mr. Noyes's judgment, from disastrous effects. An erroneous but a somewhat general impression has prevailed that the Federal Reserve Law was already in operation on August 1, 1914. This was not the case. The Federal Reserve System was not set going until late in the year. What in great measure saved the banking and currency situation in the early months of the War was the so-called Aldrich Law which, passed several years before, provided the sorely needed method for furnishing emergency currency, and so prevented the otherwise inevitable money stringency.

This latest volume of Mr. Noyes covers in logical sequence the outbreak of the war, America's period of neutrality, the entry of the United States into the conflict, the mobilization of American industry, the developments following the declaration of peace, the great boom period of 1919, and the business collapse of 1920 and '21. The author ends by describing the reconstruction that followed the crisis of those last two years. Covering the war and post-war period which Mr. Noyes sketches, no teller of Arabian Nights tales could have imagined the startling and overwhelming alterations that we have witnessed. The political, even the economic, changes upon the Continent of Europe resulting from the War were not altogether without precedent in the events following "such other conflicts of the past as the Thirty Years' War or the campaigns of Frederick and Napoleon. But (Mr. Noyes goes on) the shifting of balance in the World's economic relations which followed 1914 was something new in history." Prior to the War the United States had been a borrowing nation. European investors had for generations, we recall, loaned large sums here. In the face of many bankruptcies and occasional repudiation, the foreign investor continued undaunted to show faith in American enterprise. During the great period of railway construction here in the two decades after our Civil War he loaned hundreds of millions of dollars in obligations whose value was, during the period of railway receiverships following the business depression of 1893, greatly reduced. Yet by 1914 foreign investment in American enterprises totalled probably seven or eight billion dollars. But with the coming of the Great War and of the events which followed it with startling rapidity, the whole situation was altered almost over night. America turned from a debtor to a creditor nation. We brought back in large volume the American securities which for generations Europe had held, and, as Mr. Noyes points out, we "brought into our bank vaults before the end of 1924 half of the world's available stock of gold."

The course of this whole dramatic change which Mr. Noyes describes ought to be of wide and general interest to the public. Some people say, rather virtuously and as if their minds were fixed on higher things, that current financial and economic problems have no interest for them; whereas the great economic changes so startlingly wrought by the war must have touched vitally the lives and the well being of almost every person in the land. Something of all this we ought all to know and understand; otherwise there is little chance of an intelligent working out of the new and unprecedented problems now pressing upon us as a result of these world wide changes.

Also, if I may be so bold, I should like to commend Mr. Noyes's book as a *vade mecum* to some of our fellow-citizens whose patriotism and good intent cannot be questioned, but whose sources of accurate information are sometimes criticized as inadequate. For instance, for many of our orators, a favorite theme has been the great wealth gained during the war and after-war periods by the "interests," as contrasted with the much lesser good fortune bestowed upon other portions of the American community. The figures which Mr. Noyes quotes are not new, but they serve to illustrate his point that America benefitted enormously in point of wealth from the needs of the European Allies and that every portion of the community shared in the gain. As early as 1916, "it had suddenly grown evident that the West was immensely enriched by the enormous export of its food products, the East by the steel trade's activities, and at length the South by a profitable cotton crop." Later, to emphasize his point, the author adds: "Before the European war, the highest selling value ever placed on all the American agricultural crops combined, in any single year, was the $6,138,000,000 of 1913. The Agricultural Department's estimate for the harvest of 1916 had been $9,054,000,000. In 1917, notwithstanding the decreased yield of wheat, its estimate was $13,479,000,000 and in 1918 $14,222,000,000."

Figures are, however, tiresome. Even without them we all know, or ought to know, that despite the heavy taxes which this country has had to pay for the last ten years our prosperity has increased by leaps and bounds. How could it fail to be so when the very soil and sky have endowed us so overwhelmingly with natural resources; when, with about only seven per cent of the world's population, the United States is producing over 40% of the world's coal output; 60% of its steel; 50% of its copper; 25% of its wheat; 50% of its cotton, and 70% of its petroleum?

In the brief years since the war we have happily been able to reduce our national debt by more than a fifth, namely from twenty-five to nineteen billion dollars. The European nations, ten of which are struggling in an endeavor to repay our government a part of their war borrowings, have during the same period been forced to increase their burden of debt by great amounts. Is it, therefore, so surprising that we are not popular in Europe and that the people over there have only a glimmering of the generous impulses which ordinarily are characteristic of America? Is it strange that they are still puzzled over the exact meaning of that phrase (which Mr. Noyes quotes from President Wilson's war message to Congress of April 2, 1917), that the situation required "the extension to those (Allied) governments of the most liberal financial credits, in order that our resources may, so far as possible, be added to theirs"?

Certain of these questions of great international import, as Mr. Noyes points out, look to us in great measure for solution. Take the problem of the European debts. We can well argue that there is no moral obligation resting upon us to scale them down still further. But there will always rest upon us the moral obligation to be intelligent; not to attempt to exact more than a burdened debtor can pay and still maintain adequate economic existence. Assuming that on the whole Washington's settlement with its European debtors has been liberal; we yet confront the question as to whether these heavily burdened peoples can continue indefinitely to carry out the terms. Are we going to be able to collect several hundred millions of dollars a year every year for the next sixty-two years from the taxpayers of Europe, without arousing trade antagonisms and other animosities far more costly for us than a further writing down of these debts would prove? Not lightly may we hold the privilege of having become the creditor of all the world. With our immeasurable riches and power come responsibility, the necessity for generous and wise dealing with our fellow nations. Are we rising fully to these new responsibilities? Who can say?

Frontispiece from James Branch Cabell's "The Music Behind the Moon," one of the first publications of the John Day Company, and a beautiful example of bookmaking.

The Psalms in New Version

THE PSALMS. Translated by J. M. POWIS SMITH. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY J. CADBURY
Harvard University

THERE are, of course, some persons to whom a new English translation of any part of the Holy Scriptures seems a sacrilege. Before they examine it, it is prejudged unto condemnation and their examination consists in discovering real or imaginary faults in the new production. The old version is regarded as faultless and something more. Such bibliolatry is not found primarily among the specially orthodox in theology; persons far from conventional in doctrine or conduct share the adoration for the old English versions, forgetting that these authorized, revised, or standard editions were themselves first greeted with similar anathemas. Their preference claims to be æsthetic; it is, however, largely sentimental and pertains to the use of the Bible in the cult and for private devotion.

When, therefore, Professor Smith of the University of Chicago ventures to issue a new version of the Psalms he is dealing with the very part of the Scriptures on which sensitiveness is likely to be the greatest. In spite of the fact that in the English prayerbook an alternative version has long been known and used by vast numbers of English speaking Christians, this undertaking of a single individual—and an American non-conformist at that—will be certainly regarded as a presumption in many quarters. Professor Smith safeguards himself as far as he can in his preface. His desire is not "to dethrone the recognized classical rendering found in the King James Version," but "to incorporate the results of the scholarship of recent decades" and "to express as completely and accurately as the limitations of language permit the thoughts and feeling of the original." A further result is to make more clear and intelligible the meaning of these poems. Anyone who reads the Psalms simply to recall the sound and feelings which experience has made for him into a half forgotten tune should keep away from this version. But the reader who desires to know more nearly what was thought and said by the early Jewish singers in their services in the Second Temple will find in this volume a con-

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scientious and discriminating attempt to tell him. Had the translator claimed originality or boasted of great ingenuity his work would have been less valuabe. The author's modesty both about his own work and the original psalter commends him. He admits that compared with the highest standards of both religion and art the Psalms are often mediocre. The limitations of their form, their adjustment to average religion and their revision to later standards prevented them from representing the flights of genius or of spiritual insight.

As the current version of the psalter is presumably familiar quite generally the new translation may most easily be described by some comparisons with it. But in such comparisons no praise or blame is intended, no *odium theologicum*, but merely description by collation.

The problems that beset the translator are varied. What shall he regard the original text? The text once established, how shall he understand it where it is ambiguous in meaning? The meaning once determined, how shall he express it in English? The Authorized Version and its principal predecessors and successors relied in the Old Testament upon the Hebrew or Massoretic text. But it is generally recognized that this text is often certainly wrong and can be corrected by use of the versions and even of conjecture. In his appendix Professor Smith gives a list of nearly two hundred passages where he has left the Hebrew text. In a great many of these cases competent scholars would generally approve, though probably not in all of them. Here decisions are possible only to experts in philology and textual criticism. The inexpert can only note results, not pass opinions.

As a result of this eclectic text the Psalms often have sense and context where formerly they had none. No doubt many words dear to the readers of the old psalter because of their unexpectedness now disappear for a more sensible and expected reading. The psalmist no longer says of God, "Thy gentleness hath made me great," nor of himself, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made," nor of both, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness," and "When I awake, I am still with thee." On the other hand, Professor Smith renders the latter passage in full like this:

> How precious are thy thoughts to me, O God!
> How great the sum of them!
> Were I to count them they would outnumber the sands!
> Were I to come to the end of them, my life-span
> must be like thine (139:18).

He restores to us the following notable passage:

> For were I skilled in writing
> And should I reach an advanced age, O Lord God,
> I could record thy righteousness only (71:15).

Even new proper names appear in passages, as "the skull of Seir" (68:21) and

> Ishmael and Jaleam and all the dwellers of the East,
> To whom oaths are nothing;
> Nor do they fear God (55:19).

In a most distinctively Maccabean psalm and verse (74:8) he renders:

> They said in their heart, "We will Hellenize them also."
> They burned all the assemblies of God in the land.

One wonders that he hesitated to write "synagogues" in the second line.

The understanding of the Hebrew text is often ambiguous. The person speaking or spoken of is not always clearly distinguished in the original. The connection of clauses, the relations of the words, require of the translator great care and good judgment. Thus while he retains the familiar construction (127:2), "So he gives his loved ones sleep," the new translator changes "I will awake right early" to the transitive, "I will awaken the dawn!" Particulary difficult is the choice of proper representation of the Hebrew verb. Professor Smith's translation is marked by a more frequent and happy use of expressions of wish or prayer in place of the simple future. In many other ways difficult to classify he has suggested a rational sentence structure or change of person.

A most important part of his work, at least the place where the lay reader will scrutinize his work most critically, is in his choice of English representatives for Hebrew ideas. Yet few critics realize the difficulties here involved. They too often are indifferent to the translator's desire not to misrepresent the Hebrew and would prefer familiar words to accurate ones—the old "office" and "grasshoppers" to the new "mosquitoes" and "insects." The most difficult word to render is the proper name of the Hebrew God. The King James version following a Jewish custom substituted wherever it occurred "the Lord." Scholars have attempted to replace it with Jehovah, or more accurately with a spelling like Yahweh. Professor Moffatt imitating the French vernacular Bible adopted "the Eternal." Professor Smith has perhaps wisely given up the search for a really satisfactory alternative and has with good taste "returned to the Lord."

The word "soul," however, he has entirely eschewed. The reasons for doing so are known to every Hebrew scholar. The varied and interesting substitutes "self," "being," or the simple pronoun, at once represent the original better and avoid the false psychological connotations of the English "soul." "Renewing the life" is clearer than "restoring the soul," "my personal bereavement" than "bereaving my soul." In like manner "his name's sake" becomes usually (though not in Psalm 23) "for the sake of his reputation," which is clearer at least than the older phrase. And the special religious meaning which English phrases like "paths of righteousness," "shield of salvation," seem to possess disappear when they become simply (recognizing the use of the abstract noun for the adjective) "safe paths," "saving shield," or when "salvation" and redemption" become "release." Of course some new and expressive English words appear like the verbs gloat, confront, fawn, and like the nouns steppe, hovel, enthusiasm. The untranslatable Hebrew word usually rendered mercy becomes grace. This does not seem much of an improvement, but the couplet

> As a father is kind to his children
> So the Lord is kind to those who revere him

is much nearer the sense than

> Like as a father pitieth his children
> So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

In removing the "fear" of God from the hymns of Judaism the author is correcting a common Christian prejudice. Some readers will learn to their surprise that the Red Sea is the sea of Reeds, and that the harps of the exiles in Babylon were hung on poplars rather than on willows.

The English aims to be as dignified as the original, though one wonders about the expressions "the wicked parade around," "thou hast made them drink tears by the gallon." The publishers do not tell us whether this is an instalment of an "American" translation of the whole Old Testament. The speech doth not bewray it. In an appendix the author has supplied a brief discussion of the date, composition, poetry, and religion of the Psalter.

In Quest of Beauty

THE GOLDEN DANCER. By CYRIL HUME. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

THERE is wide divergence between Mr. Hume's latest novel, "The Golden Dancer," and the novels that are today meeting with the most resounding favor. The work of Messrs. Curwood, Galsworthy, and Wren, the work of Misses Barrington, Hurst, and Loos (to name the authors of only the current best sellers) pleases a public that unfortunately may not respond to the quiet excellence, the beauty, and the pagan fancy with which Mr. Hume tells the story of Albert Wells. That story is of the half-acknowledged search by the runaway factory-boy for the girl he had once read about in a library book, a girl who lived during the winters as a dryad until she would "come out to dance among the trees, naked and cool under an April moon." Although the search takes him through friendship with a truckdriver, through proprietorship of a rural soda fountain, through disaster brought about by his snubbing the local bootleggers, the sense of a journey towards an unwordly goal is never lost. The welding of the real with the apparently unreal is accomplished with a mighty success; the vague quest for beauty was as actual to Mr. Wells as were the members of the Ladies' Club who drove him out of town, and this equality the reader feels. By so much the book is a triumph of not little magnitude.

Of course a novelist is on dangerous ground when he incorporates with his modern narrative prose lyrics wherein we find Pan, nymphs, satyrs, and the rest of the conventional pagan formula of forest gods. But Mr. Hume has written so skilfully that he can offend only the most intolerant materialists; those who after a trial are still contemptuous will do well to consider the more photographic stretches of the novel. Dreiser never wrote eighteen pages more realistic, in the largest sense, than those where Albert Wells is picked up by the truckdriver and with him rumbles through a long afternoon of Connecticut towns, nor has Lewis done a scene where we feel more keenly the existence of facts than the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Wells to their new home in the early evening after their wedding. Both these passages are absolutely first class in their comprehensive, probing recreation of actuality. And over all, Mr. Hume has reproduced the dialogue of his characters with a phonetic accuracy that is constantly amazing. Yet the talk is never mechanically recorded for the sake of mere faithfulness, or for the sake of the virtuosity involved; it is always purposeful, and pointed by the artist.

Mr. Albert Wells will stir the pity of the reader; he will seem the typical struggling boy, hardly beyond adolescence, whose poet's soul is wandering, battered, in a hostile land. He will have his moments of lightheartedness, but through the book his pilgrimage towards his Golden Dancer, his "Dap-henny," is sad, probably because of the greatness of the effort, and the contrasting insignificance of the goal. Mr. Wells, by virtue of his creator's power, is a figure to remember long after the novel has been read. And there are other characters to rejoice in: particularly the truckdriver, a superbly inarticulate individual, and, less emphatically, Ellie's mother, a bundle of rural asperity and kindness.

The novel is not without flaws, but they are inconsiderable beside its multitude of good qualities. Mr. Hume, by testimony of "Cruel Fellowship" as well as of "The Golden Dancer," is an honest and a gifted story-teller; he has, furthermore, the courage to be himself. Surely he deserves to be increasingly well known throughout the more literate sections of the United States. "The Golden Dancer" should prove a persuasive ambassador.

Outside the Conventions

LESS THAN KIN. By CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE. New York: The John Day Company. 1926.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

IF all of Mr. Dobie's novel had been as good as the beginning of it, it would have been very good indeed. For in his portrayal of a child's slow awakening to a world outside of that in which her colored Mammy and herself constituted the universe, in his depiction of her dawning sense of caste and prejudice, and in his projection of her consciousness into a social order based on what she was told and what she fancied but had never seen, he has shown originality, insight, and no little subtlety. In his selection of Selina Parsons as the genius of his tale he has chosen a figure unusual but not incredible, for this mulatto with the blood of the aristocratic Sinclairs in her veins, with a reputation built up through trafficking in shame and blackmailing for being the most dangerous woman in San Francisco, who rears a nameless white child on the Sinclairs' country estate, is plausible enough even in her vivid animosities and her few loyalties. So too is Mr. Dobie's delineation of Adrienne's education from childhood into girlhood through the influence of a German artist and landscape gardener. But

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when he takes her from her seclusion, and sends her as a girl of sixteen to San Francisco to visit the Sinclairs, his story suddenly degenerates from the unusual into the commonplace—even into the weakness of the stereotyped rich connections-poor visitor type of novel beloved of a past generation.

Bess Forsythe, with her jealousy, her spitefulness, her unrequited love, her mother with her worldliness, her fear of losing social position and riches, her brother with his facile emotions and weak devotion, these are the stock figures of melodramatic fiction. The men who in lesser or greater degree are attracted by the charm and poise of this daughter of mystery are cut to the pattern of any magazine love story. Even the masquerade ball through which Mr. Dobie precipitates the discovery of Adrienne's identity, well contrived as it is (it would make an effective short story in itself), has nothing of the convincingness about it that characterizes the earlier chapters of the book and that is partially recovered in the concluding ones. The one figure that stands out with life and vigor is that of the musician, Kajetan, a traditional enough figure, to be sure, but one which Mr. Dobie has managed to realize as a thing of flesh and blood instead of the automaton he might have been under less skilful handling.

Yet "Less Than Kin," unsatisfactory as it is in parts, is indubitably interesting. Its conclusion, with Adrienne's acceptance of love without marriage, and her final impulse for self-realization, is developed with understanding in its earlier episodes and vividness in its closing ones. Mr. Dobie has his material well in hand and his purpose clearly in mind; he has carefully articulated his incidents, and introduced none that is not salient to his story. Indeed, if any objection can be brought against him on this score it is on the ground that the technique of his narrative is a little too deliberate, as though the story had been constructed around its incidents rather than the incidents around the story. Effective in its portrayal of Adrienne's reactions after her discovery of her identity, it is quite unusually so in its comprehension and delineation of her sensitive, intuitive, and unconventional childhood. For that alone it would be worth the reading.

The Ruling Passion

(*Continued from page* 113)

whose ideal is prosperity, cannot be made to seem romantic, and for all its solid qualities inevitably invites ridicule. The numerous books offering cheap and easy ways to strengthen the mind, increase energy, lift the soul, cure the body are also in keeping. Psychology is helping the inferior to become ordinary, precisely as prosperity is making a bourgeoisie out of the poor. That is all synchronous. But how is one to account for the rapid increase of sophistication in these years, which in other respects so resemble the 'seventies, how is one to orient the work of Dos Passos or Morley or Van Vechten or Cabell, or the just published "The Time of Man" of Miss Roberts, which represent in varying degrees of popularity and refinement, analysis and abasement of the ego, a passionate search for deeper meanings in life and indeed a discipline and search which seem to belong to a planet very different from the America of auto trails, office buildings, high pressure advertising, and lives built upon publication and creature comfort? These writers are not discharging repressions, they are obviously speaking for something in the soul of the time itself? Is Spengler's generalization good then only for what the eighteenth century called the ruling passion? If so, attractive as it is, his airy theory which plots the future from the past must be handled cautiously. Or are our eyes put out of focus by too near a view of contemporaneity?

* * *

The chief political editor of the *Figaro*, M. Lucien Romier, who gave us an interesting book in 1924 entitled "Explication de Notre Temps," has written his first novel, "L'Homme Blessé" (Grasset), which has been looked for with some curiosity. Again interpreting our times, M. Romier has taken for his hero a young man who had been injured in the war, who finds himself struggling with a newly-organized world, and whose worst wound lies in his consciousness that he has been robbed of his real youth. The action moves rapidly and smoothly, and a peculiar love story holds the interest. For a first novel it as rather a good one, but is the kind that does not "bite in."

The Bowling Green

Precis of a Journey. VI.

ONE of the world's greatest publicity men made a certain disaster on the Irish Sea famous as long as our language may endure. Perhaps that unenviable renown spurred the Irish Channel service into its modern comfort and efficiency. Though it is nothing new, for as long ago as old Jules Verne (see "Around the World in 80 Days") the Irish mail packets were esteemed for grace and speed. Yet it would almost have been worth while to be naufraged on the Irish Sea, like Edward King in 1637, if one could be sure to have a "Lycidas" written about it. So I was thinking as the trim little *Scotia* swung round Holyhead in the breezy blue. Yet it would be a pity to have missed that train ride along the Cymric shore. To buy your *Times* at an English railway stall—even if you only smell it, and don't read it; I always choose British journalisms by the smell; how do they get that excellently fragrant paper?—and then settle down in one of their heavenly dining cars, admiring at your elbow the little holder specially built for your bottle of Bass—I wish you nothing worse some June meridian. I always have a look at the engine, to see its name. (It was the *Lord Rathmore*.) I am always hoping to find one called *Sir Kenelm Digby*, and to see again the *Charles Lamb* that I once admired at Crewe. Though English friends insist that it was probably named for some divisional superintendent of the L.M.S., perhaps the Charles Lamb was the engine of the Crewe train that Rose Macaulay has just written a book about. But I see that her publishers have absurdly made it an American train in their advertising picture.

The English like to believe that we, more than anyone, are ridden by our advertisers, but I have seen in both Paris and London papers the palm of the business office outstretched in a way that would seem queer in a reputable American journal. *Palma non sine pulvere* is the idea, obviously. It always strikes me as odd to find, in descriptions of gowns worn by ladies presented at Court, the names and addresses of the modiste. Yet perhaps it is just as reasonable as printing the name of the publisher in the review of a book. This is the kind of thing that I mean:

> Mrs N—— H——. A gown of cyclamen georgette embroidered with diamanté. A train of velvet brocade in a deeper shade of cyclamen, lined with silver and held at the shoulders with jewelled straps. A fan of shaded ostrich feathers. (Maison Alexander, II, Conduit-street.)

Some of the ladies at that Presentation must have been plump, for the *Times* remarked that "the following gowns worn at their Majesties' Court were unavoidably held over, owing to pressure on space." How much more entertaining if, instead of a mere inventory of the dresses, a little social précis were given of each lady, annotating the various qualifications (of charm, heredity, or stratagem) which brought her to make her curtsey. But it does not do to let the mind linger on philosophical possibilities.

* * *

Everyone who has walked in Westminster Abbey knows the stone in the floor marked O RARE BEN IOHNSON. But what not everyone realizes is that this is not the original stone, which was moved to the wall near by when it began to show signs of wear. And if you will study Ben's original stone a new thought may come to you about this most famous ejaculation of tenderness. The O and the RARE, in the original slab, are so spaced that it is hard to know whether they were meant as one word or two. Was the Jack Young (who had the inscription cut) a punster? Did he intend a play upon words? Or did the stonecutter misunderstand? Certainly a play upon words would have been much in the sentiment of the seventeenth century. So I suggest that the well-loved epitaph may have been intended as ORARE BEN IOHNSON—Pray for Ben Jonson (a use of the infinitive frequent in taphology.) If the stone-mason misspelled Jonson's name he may also have misunderstood the Latin word. His accident, if accident it was, has made us all richer these three centuries. This suggestion is my one contribution to seventeenth century scholarship, and I have a huge secret pride in it. I have explored the "Jonson Allusion-Book" (Bradley and Adams, Yale Univ. Press, 1922) to see whether the adjective *rare* was frequently applied to Ben: I don't find it, except in Herrick's "Hesperides" (1648). John Aubrey's "Brief Lives," that gorgeous "Who's Who" of the time, is our best source of information. Aubrey merely says:

> He lies buryed in the north aisle in the path of square stone (the rest is lozenge), opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros, with this inscription only on him, in a pavement square, of blew marble, about 14 inches square,
>
> O RARE BENN IOHNSON
>
> which was donne at the chardge of Jack Young afterwards knighted) who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cutt it.

* * *

The train leaves Paddington at 6.05 (6.5 is the way they write it) and the engine is called *Polar Star*. It doesn't go north, though, but westerly, into a green valley of sunset. It takes you into something even west of sunsets, that train—not an express happily, but a "stopping train" that loiters you gently into a land where even the railway platforms are gardens of flowers. At Taplow you'll lean out to smell them, not wondering why poets live there. Off to the left you've seen Windsor Castle, pink in the flush of light, the royal standard aloft. Sir Thomas Malory, you say to yourself, ought to be the name of this engine. Such green and gold is afloat as shines through the boles of Arden. The elderly sage with wildly rumpled grey hair, pondering sheets of diagrams in the far corner of the smoker, might be Merlin himself. It is obviously an Oxford don.

There is a green fold of the world, a gap between the Chilterns and the Berkshire douns, where you will pass warily. Brightnesses other than sunset and Thames river flow through that dip. More than thirteen years of queerness go behind you as *Polar Star* trundles you through. Old thoughts, like the swifts nesting in the railway cuttings, flicker on swordlike wing. Mossed tile roofs, chimney pots with blue threads of smoke, sweeps of yellow mustard in slopy fields. While you are standing at the Goring station, the world goes by with a roar and a ribboning flicker of plate glass windows—the Plymouth Express. Those names—Pangbourne, Cholsey, Moulsford, Wittenham Clumps. There was once a boy on a bicycle—

When you pass through that gap you are in a queer world indeed. Anything can happen. It is the battleground where old Arden elves retreat for their last stand. Railway stations are tranquil as monasteries in the evening clearness. At Didcot there was a sound of anthems. It will never be explained, was it the station porters at their vesper hymn? Nothing can break that magic, for long ago you shut the door upon it and triple turned the key. Nothing can spoil it—and every incongruity adds to its Shakespearean comedy. Even the signboards in those enamelled meadows—*Beecham's Pills Lose No Time.*

And Oxford again—reached at dusk; the dark passages of the Golden Cross inn; still time for a twilight stroll to see how in bookshop windows Dean Inge's "Religion and the Ultimate" battles for place with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Oxford, the toy capital of fairyland, the youngest place on earth. The boys (how appallingly young they look) off to some revelry in their dinner jackets. The girls on their bikes next morning, their pretty sturdy legs wreathed in a flutter of rising skirts—just as ever, except the skirts now are shorter. Their new black caps—like medieval abbesses; that's different anyway. Oxford with a Woolworth's on the Corn. Go and have your bitter beer in the secret little Turf tavern, hidden away under New College bell tower. Not one visitor in ten thousand ever hears about the Turf. Go there and have your beer and remember you're still young.

Christopher Morley.

A full length realistic portrait statuette of Socrates, the first ever discovered, has been presented to the British Museum by Walter Leaf, the famous Hellenist, and others. It was unearthed at Alexandria. It is made of Parian marble and has only slight imperfections.

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Books of Special Interest

Brains of Sorts

BRAINS OF RATS AND MEN. By C. JUDSON HERRICK. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1926.

Reviewed by BEVERLEY KUNKEL

AFTER the whirlwind of the Freudians and the thunders of the Behaviorists, the still small voice of the neurologist is heard in the general discussion of the problems of psychology which is so popular just now. But the neurologist finds the brain so complex that it is doubtful whether his contribution will be properly appreciated by the ordinary reader.

Somewhat more than half of this volume is concerned with a description of the cerebrum of man and the mammals and the parts of the brain most closely connected with it, and in spite of the fact that the description is not particularly detailed or technical, the layman, not already familiar with anatomy and histology, will find this pretty difficult to comprehend. The structures are extremely complex and there is no getting away from the fact. For the benefit of the non-anatomical reader, it may be said that the neurologist finds the human brain made up of some twelve thousand million nerve cells, some of which are connected with sense organs and transmit impulses from them as a result of stimuli. Others are connected with muscles and glands which are thrown into activity when impulses pass along these cells. Between these two kinds of cells are many intermediate ones which connect them in well nigh countless ways. It is these "association tracts" which are so much more abundant in the human brain than in that of any other mammal, and upon which its superiority depends. These connections are so complex that it seems highly probable that generally the stimulation of any sense organ is carried directly or indirectly to every portion of the cerebral cortex. The numbers of these combinations of cortical neurons "far surpass any figures ever suggested by the astronomers in measuring the distances of the stars."

The efficiency of the brain seems to depend not only upon the number and character of the associational patterns that are laid down as a result of past experience, but also upon the facility with which these memory patterns can be reactivated in useful combinations. There is no dearth of mechanism in the human brain to explain theoretically its function. The intricacy of the structural connections within that organ is inconceivable. The most elaborate telephone switchboard in contrast is simplicity itself. But "there is no scientific evidence of any little deity who presides at this 'central' and receives the incoming calls and plugs them into appropriate outbound circuits with more or less accuracy, more or less intelligence, more or less affability." Neurologists and biologists generally hold that the action is strictly automatic, and that all animal behavior and all human conduct are regulated mechanistically by the activities of different series of association tracts. Thinking is mechanistically determined the same as flying or walking.

The author approaches the problem of consciousness and the mind-and-body relationship in the way that other problems of science are, by assembling all known facts that have a bearing on the question and then fabricating hypotheses that are congruous with them. He differs from many of the moral radical psychologists of the day in regard to mind and consciousness, for in a total view of human behavior he would not neglect mind as something apart from natural phenomena. "The evidence is biologically adequate that mind (awareness) as we know it phenomenally is a function of a particular configuration of bodily organs."

Nobody who looks at the life and literature of New York can doubt for a moment that a huge potential paganism is piling itself up to burst upon the world. On the day it bursts, many decent people will be sorry they had helped it.
—G K. Chesterton, in *G. K. C's Weekly.*

Truth and Lies

BRIDE OF THE LAMB. By WILLIAM HURLBURT. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE. By JOHN COLTON. The same.

Reviewed by MARY CASS CANFIELD

"BRIDE OF THE LAMB" is a sincere if cramped study of the evils attending emotional starvation. Its debt to Freud is evident; but the theory in it assumes convincing enough flesh.

A youngish woman, more imaginative perhaps than some, but not much apart from the average middle class housewife, lives in a small middle western town. She is married to the local dentist, a spineless, dreary, well meaning Babbitt who dwells on his "stomach trouble," which is a euphemism for his oft indulged craving for alcohol. She has one child, a pert, discontented, shrill girl of twelve. Much of her psychic effort is spent on concealing the father's dipsomania from little Verna (wonderful name!) and from the neighbors. What energy and interest remain to her, after she has attended to cooking and cleaning, she expends on church activities and the movies.

So Ina Bowman is a starved heart, getting little but fretfulness from her husband and callow indifference from her offspring.

But a traveling revivalist comes to town. Ina, like everyone else, is in a flutter. Like everyone, she releases her emotion fervently toward his somewhat crude religion: she is to be washed in the blood of the Lamb and to become his Bride. It is some time before she discovers what the audience has known about from the start—that her religious hysteria masks a passion for the preacher. The flame consumes her. She steals from her husband's pocket and her daughter's savings bank in order to give the Rev. Albaugh a token of her affection. Finally, when she finds that the man, himself, returns her feeling, they become seriously involved, she determines to throw her lot in with his and poisons her besotted husband, only to find that her clerical lover has a long lost wife —upon which, she escapes into insanity.

The plot, as thus unfolded, sounds melodramatic. It is a proof of Mr. Hurlburt's skill and honesty that the play impresses us as truthful and its sequence of disasters as resulting naturally and without exaggeration from each other and from his fundamental premise. He makes the thing real enough. Ina Bowman, her dull suburban circumstances, her nervous *enfant terrible*, her dingy husband, the gossipy, picayune neighbors and all the small sensation and petty convention of her life are indicated with precision and fine economy. The play is deftly constructed, leading up in a breathless arpeggio to the final, awful scenes.

Mr. Hurlburt has irony, a sort of grim humor in dealing with the ridiculous aspects of the limited American scene; he has also the pity of the born realist. He holds the balance neatly between his various personages and is wise about them, so that none are impossibly black. The preacher himself, far from being a hypocrite, is represented as honest, irrepressible, convinced of his mission, and only induced to "fall" by the strength of his feelings.

It is a dark slice of life, too painful to be borne, were it not for the pleasure given us by the accuracy of its drawing, the effectiveness of its workmanship. If the play seems without wealth or beauty, so is its subject. As a study of the disastrous hysteria resulting from a too meagre fare offered to soul and senses, and within its own limits of stark realism, this piece—in a businesslike, somewhat bare and photographic way—distinctly holds its own.

Mr. John Colton's "Shanghai Gesture," quite as unpleasant a play, cannot be excused on any ground save possibly that of melodrama. Melodrama has and will always have a place in the theatre. It is a good old standbye. But Mr. Colton's brand is complicated by an earnest determination to be as prurient as is practicable with the police around the corner.

His play is howling good theatre in the sense that it pins the average spectator to his seat. It is, like most melodrama, howling bad art in the sense that, under a tremendous effort at sophisticated plausibility, the characters are, as usual, only puppets for action. Unlike most old fashioned melodrama, it is howling bad taste in the sense that the lowest human impulses are exposed with a blatancy that would be intolerable if, through exaggeration, the whole effect were not so funny.

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Books of Special Interest

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH PHILOSOPHY. PERSONAL STATEMENTS. (Second Series.) Edited by J. H. MUIRHEAD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $4.50.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY
Harvard University

THIS collection of autobiographical and philosophical essays is modeled upon the series (now numbering five or more volumes), edited in Germany under the title of "Die Philosophie der Gegenwart in Selbstdarstellungen," by Dr. Raymond Schmidt. Professor Muirhead has already brought out one volume (1924) including contributions from the late Bernard Bosanquet, C. D. Broad, Viscount Haldane, L. T. Hobhouse, C. Lloyd Morgan, Bertrand Russell, F. C. S. Schiller, and others. In both volumes there is an extreme diversity of method, ranging from the author's sketch of his philosophical sources and development, to the fresh treatment of some philosophical theme that he regards as of central importance; but in every case there is a personal flavor and a more or less confessional directness of statement which makes the essays enlivening, as well as instructive for purposes of historical orientation. Nothing could reveal more clearly the currents and cross-currents of present philosophical thought in Great Britain.

The twelve contributors to the present volume fall into four groups, the exponents of spiritual realism, the idealists, the realists, and a single representative of the standpoint of the natural sciences. To the first of these groups belongs the late Professor James Ward, whose paper on "A Theistic Monadism" recapitulates the well-known views set forth in his "Naturalism and Agnosticism" (1899) and in his "Realm of Ends" (1911). Assuming the independence of the external world, one may either "describe" it after the manner of science, or seek to "understand" it. Knowledge of the latter kind is impossible without imputing to nature real causality (activity) and real substance, such as are exhibited only in mind. There remains the question whether this mind behind nature is one or many, and here Ward adopts the monadistic or pluralistic rather than the monistic view, God being both the ground or creator of a manifold of free persons and the perfection which is their common goal. Professor N. R. Sorley adopts a similar view as alone capable of reconciling the "causal" and "moral" orders of the world, and of providing for both its unity and its diversity. God creates finite minds and their environment in order that the former may freely, but slowly and with difficulty, achieve the ideal values which he embodies. In Professor Clement C. J. Webb's "Outline of a Philosophy of Religion," there is a like insistence on the irreducible reality of human personality and experience, together with a recognition of the as yet insuperable difficulty of reconciling these with the "action of an eternally perfect Being, the ground of all existence." Professor A. W. Taylor's discussion of "The Freedom of Man" is an argument for the ethical importance of libertarianism and for the presence of genuine contingency in nature. All of the writers of this group thus stress the temporality and manifoldness of the actual historical or evoluntary process, while at the same time adopting a broadly theistic view of the ground and meaning of the world.

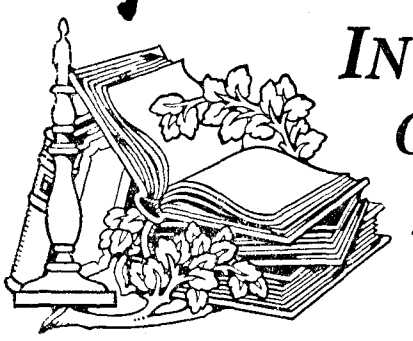
The idealists in the present volume also number four. Idealists are becoming increasingly difficult to identify, but there is no mistaking Mr. E. Belfort Bax. He affirms, as the "grand principle" of idealism, "that all that *is* and appears, that all reality, is in and for Consciousness;" and protests against those idealists who seem to have forgotten that consciousness implies "an experiencing Subject." His idealism is further characterized by an emphasis on the ineradicable "alogical" elements in experience, which condemns the rational Subject to a futile and endless struggle for self-realization. Mr. Douglas Fawcett construes the metaphysical principle in terms of a "Cosmic Imaging," which as "both conservative and creative" escapes the dilemma of "block-universe" or flux. Professor J. A. Smith is a repentent realist, who confesses his earlier error, but does not here refute it. The present essay is a brief summary of his new creed, in which he associates himself with "the great orthodox or catholic succession of modern Philosophy" by accepting and expounding the teachings of Gentile. Professor Hoernlé, in a résumé of his previous writings, characterizes his philosophical attitude as "synoptic." He believes with Bosanquet that truth and reality are to be sought in wholeness, or in the "concrete universal"; and finds himself temperamentaly inclined to treat all insights sympathetically, as contributing partial truths to that comprehensive understanding which constitutes philosophy. He insists that the moral, æsthetic and religious experiences have a "metaphysical import," and that self-conscious mind is peculiarly central and significant.

The realists are notably represented by Professor G. E. Moore's "Defense of Common Sense," an argument which many would deem senseless but none would deem common. It consists of a back-handed and cryptic refutation (in the author's inimitable manner) of solipsism and idealism, showing that while many philosophers have held views *contradictory* to the reality of other selves and of the physical world, none have avoided *assuming* their reality. Next, he affirms that he sees no good reason for believing in God or in immortality; and, finally, he elaborates his doubts regarding the *analysis* of that physical nature and those other selves which he accepts in principle. Professor G. Dawes Hicks describes a progression which is the reverse of that of Professor Smith, in this case "From Idealism to Realism." "Real things may be, and are, directly perceived without owing either their being or their nature to the circumstance of such perception." The "content apprehended" in perception is a selection from among the total characteristics of the real object, a selection made by the "discriminating" act of cognition. Mr. C. E. M. Joad adopts a similar view of perception, emphasizing (after Russell) the "neutral particulars or events" which are the common constituents of the physical object and the content of apprehension. To this realistic theory of knowledge Mr. Joad adds a conception of "vital force" which he thinks necessary to account for unconscious desire, art and evolution, and which he thinks is dispersed and resisted by an opposite principle of "brute substance" or matter.

Professor J. Arthur Thomson, the sole representative of naturalism, developed a view termed "methodological vitalism," which affirms the need of accepting, over and above bio-physics and bio-chemistry, "distinctively biological categories," such as the capacity to profit by experience, and the tendency to progression and creative synthesis which marks the course of evolution.

Not less interesting, and perhaps more convincing, than the essays themselves, is the Editor's Preface, in which Professor Muirhead says: "That knowledge is in some sense an immediate revelation of a reality other than that of the knowing activity itself, and that this activity is not the creator of its own world, may be said to be the starting point of all recent British philosophy." If realism may thus claim to be victorious over idealism, it is because contemporary realism, in conceiving the physical world in terms of the content of experience (or as differing from the latter as whole part, rather than as one substance from another) has met idealism half-way. Similarly naturalism, as represented by such thinkers as Professor Lloyd Morgan and Professor Thomson, has dispossessed spiritualism only through conceding that nature itself is a hierarchy, which transacts itself at certain crucial points such as those at which life and mind "emerge." Even with the irreconcilable idealists, among whom must be numbered several of the contributors to the present volume, there is a notable tendency to construe that self-conscious mind which furnishes the metaphysical archetype, in terms of the actual processes of nature and history. The result is that the old doctrines, such as realism and idealism, materialism and spiritualism, empiricism and rationalism, which in their clear-cut opposition once defined the factions of philosophical polemics, have come to resemble the grin of the Cheshire cat, preserving only a vague and half-reminiscent quality without sharp boundary or articulation.

The Americans question their visitors day and night, saying "What do you think of us," till in the end the visitors confess. —*Plato's American Republic*, by Douglas Woodruff.



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A Letter From Spain

By ISABEL DE PALENCIA

THE character of a man who is so strong that he is, at least, able to overcome his inner self, is admirably defined in Ramon Perez de Ayala's new work "Tigre Juan," and its sequel, a novel in two volumes in which this interesting writer enforces, and further develops, his conception of what the novel ought to be, already initiated in his books of more recent years. The time has indeed gone completely by when readers were satisfied with knowing what the characters in a book might do; nowadays they wish to be told what they think and feel. This implies that they have become representative, not of a certain man or woman affected by such or such a problem, but of humanity itself in its different aspects and values.

Such a method of depicting the eternal strife, between man and himself, in lieu of merely against his neighbors and surroundings, naturally requires a mind so endowed with creative power as to be enabled to form living individuals, out of abstract emotions, and so gifted with a poetic sense that the beauty of the vision is not lost on its way to earth. In "Tigre Juan" the image of the eternal Don Juan, the irresistible conqueror of women's hearts, is reduced to its right proportions.

The whole work is besides all this rich in every shade of a writer's art: finest irony, deep sentiment, powerful descriptions, emotional strength are there, and, to crown all, the highest possible expression in the way of style; a style such as few novelists have, at any time, had at their command: fluid, choice, appropriate, and withal precise and of so abundant a vocabulary that one marvels over the possibilities of human language when handled by a true artist.

A man finds some written sheets of paper in a drawer, he puts them together, finds they are the impressions and memories of some one who left them there forgotten, and a book works out of the ensemble. Such is the beginning of Pío Baroja's latest work "El Gran Torbellino del Mundo" in which the miseries and absurdities of the time are spread out before our eyes, in simple form. Larrañaga, the supposed author of the diary, tells us of his impressions on different subjects: literature, politics, and love, such as he himself has received them from different characters, in his passage over Europe after the war, a Europe devastated by selfishness, rapacity, stupidity, and yet flourishing anon in tender beauty through the goodness of a few guileless souls. Paris and its everlasting rush after pleasure, gives the writer occasion for bringing down his fist, metaphorically speaking, on several consecrated, and to the majority, infallible idols of the world of art and letters. Writers, painters, bohemians, fashions and customs provoke scathing remarks while always there is that horror of cruelty, that frank acknowledgment of what is really fine and worth while, so characteristic of this most original and powerful of modern Spanish writers.

After Paris the reader is led on to other scenes: Holland, Denmark, the grey coasts of the Baltic, then Germany. A love passage is here intermingled with the descriptions of towns and people. This love passage comes to an untimely end in the last chapter, in the same simple way that it began. Fate has thrown a young and delicate girl across the path of a crabbed old bachelor and the threads of existence of both have been united. No mighty destructive passion this, but deep affection which when destroyed by death leaves terrible emptiness behind.

Pío Baroja's new book, like all his previous works, is devoid of all effort after style. In its stead one is caught in the grip of his appealing simplicity, of his powerful personality, in the dynamic strength tempered by the acute vision and fine perception, and in the agile satire of this most interesting author.

"Santa Mujer Nueva," by Antonio Porras, is a novel located in Andalusia in the shape of images and visions, well constructed, rich in description, and sufficiently emotional to keep up interest throughout. This is an author who promises further development.

Two new books of poetry have been published lately, one by Martinez Baena, actor and poet, in which the most varied themes have been singularly well exposed. Few writers of sonnets can indeed rival this author in style. The other work is written by Constantino Cabal. The book of this fine upholder of Spanish tradition is entitled "Los Dioses de la Vida," one of the most interesting aspects of the work being the reconstruction of pre-historic Asturias. With a thorough knowledge of his subject the poet gives us interesting data of the folklore of the old cantabric region. Legends, superstitions, rites, and traditions enrich the pages of his work and awaken one's curiosity in the popular literature of the land.

The collection of Medical Manuals of the publishing house Reus has been further increased by the appearance of a work on "Medical Hydrology," by Doctor M. Rodriguez Pinilla, professor of this subject in the University of Madrid. All the questions arising on this interesting theme are thoroughly and efficiently treated by this author.

Composer and Poet

RICHARD STRAUSS: BRIEFWECHSEL MIT HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay. 1926.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

IN this volume of letters is told the story of one of the most remarkable and fruitful collaborations between poet and composer that the world of literature or of music has to show. Of no other partnership —except Gilbert and Sullivan, but that is of another order—can it be said that the mention of the composer's name almost at once prompts association, in the minds at least of all serious students of music, with the name of the librettist. The men who wrote the words for Verdi's operas, for Mozart's, except so far as these composers drew their "Stoff" from the classics, are forgotten. But the name of Hofmannsthal deserves to live as long as the music of Richard Strauss, and it is pleasant to think that the composer, in permitting the publicaion of these letters nd in having the volume edited and introduced by his son, is himself paying tribute to the service of a brother-artist.

The account of the way in which the collaboration began is told by Dr. Strauss's son and is of great interest. In 1900 Strauss had written "Feuersnot,' which although intended for representation was rather the experiment of a symphony-writer than a serious attempt to master the technique of the music-drama. Then came the German performances of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," and Strauss seized on this as a text. The success he achieved gave him encouragement to devote himself more to the stage, but the problem was where to find suitable material. It was then that the composer met the poet, and there began that twenty years' collaboration to which all those who have delighted in "Rosenkavalier" have been stirred by the melodramatic force of "Elektra," have felt the magic spell of the "Frau ohne Schatten," have enjoyed "Ariadne auf Naxos," owe so much. In constant corespondence the two artist's exchanged ideas, the composer criticizing the poet, the poet making suggestions for a melody here, a recitative here. Together they consulted, in 1907, over a project for an opera on the story of Semiramis, which came to nothing. The following year there was a little misunderstanding, but it was soon removed, and the evolution of the "Rosenkavalier," fascinating to study in detail in these pages, began. It was Strauss who insisted that the poet should make his audience really laugh, not merely smile; it should be a rollicking comedy; this shown the poet cutting away a page, effective enough as poetry, in order not to have the music too long drawn out, and the composer with a melody, a musical phrase, in his mind, asking for just the right words, and getting them.

The coöperation over "Ariadne" caused a great deal of correspondence, and the composer's cold attitude to the first sketch of Hofmannsthal's libretto, in contrast to his uniform enthusiasm over the "Rosenkavalier," drew from the poet a mild expression of disappointment, which Strauss immediately dispelled by a charming epistle. In fact, as the letters progress the relations between the two become closer and closer, so that we find them almost engaged in a joint creation of the figure of Joseph in "Josephslegende." What further music-dramas we may expect from this coöperation it is not possible to say—there are hints in this volume of more than one that has not yet been carried to fruition—but the achievement so far is, so far as joint enterprises are concerned, without parallel, both for its actual importance and for the perfection of understanding between the two artists.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

A HUGUENOT FAMILY IN THE XVITH CENTURY. The Memoirs of Philippe de Mornay, written by his Wife. Translated by Lucy Crump. Dutton. 1926. $5.

Chance often lends international import to books of ephemeral merit while books of intrinsic interest lie forgotten on dusty shelves. The latest addition to the notable Broadway Translations was such a neglected book, and the English reader is indebted to Lucy Crump for the fine translation and even finer introduction. These memoirs were written in 1600 by the capable wife of Philippe de Mornay, and they give a graphic picture not only of her honored husband but also of the religious and political turmoil of the time. Miss Crump's illuminating Introduction of 79 pages makes clear the gaps made by the centuries since the memoirs were written.

The volume makes evident how religious reform, which came as an outgrowth of the revival of learning, was in the second half of the sixteenth century endangering the establishment of France as a nation. Philippe de Mornay, Sieur du Plessis Marly, one of the most influential Huguenots of his time, was in the forefront of this religious agitation. He maintained his adherence to the Protestant Church in the face of great temptations, and not once did political preferment divert him from his religious puritanism. At the same time he furthered energetically the political unity of France, and his diplomatic achievements placed him among the leading Frenchmen of his generation. He was for many years the close concillor of Henry of Navarre, and his honesty and astuteness were frequently made use of by Henry III and Queen Elizabeth of England. When Henry of Navarre was with his help crowned Henry IV, the Edict of Nantes did signal honor to both king and concillor.

This intimate story of M. de Mornay is related by his wife with restraint and sobriety. He appears a Puritan in possession of broad sympathies, a diplomat of unusual foresight and candor, and above all a truly admirable human being.

The import of this volume to the modern reader is enhanced because of the unique sidelights which it throws on contemporary French life. The manner in which education was then administered, the extent of the Grand Tour and travel in general, the various reactions to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, a quarrel with puritanical ministers over the way ladies should dress their hair, an attempted assassination and the prolonged and curious procedure by which the assailant and his victim were finally reconciled,—these are only a few of the things which are described with unusual vividness in the pages of these memoirs.

BEETHOVEN. By PAUL BEKKER. Translated by M. M. BOZMAN. Dutton. 1926.

Paul Bekker's "Beethoven," which appeared in German in 1911, and has now been adapted and very well translated into English by M. M. Bozman, is easily the best book to use as a supplement to Thayer's great biography. Thayer purposely excluded a description and critical discussion of Beethoven's music itself, and it is with this that Bekker is chiefly concerned. He is guided in his study by independent thought, a keen sense of values, and sympathetic insight. Moreover, he has an unusual command of the difficult task of reproducing musical impressions by means of words. His analyses are not encumbered with technical terminology, and seldom do they become vaguely rhapsodical. While certain of his verdicts might be disputed they are all worth serious consideration.

In the first chapter Bekker accomplishes brilliantly the difficult task of boiling down the biographical facts of Thayer's three long volumes. He separates his narrative severely from the study of the compositions, believing that "Beethoven's work regarded broadly is autobiographical, bearing witness to thoughts and feelings which occupied him at different periods of his life, but to attach anecdotes to individual works is manifestly absurd." This biographical chapter is accurate in all but a few details, as for instance in the statement that Beethoven's grandfather came from Holland to Bonn, whereas he was Flemish and came from Antwerp. The appendix contains a very handy tabular summary of the events of Beethoven's life and also a clearly arranged chronological table of his works.

In his second chapter Bekker describes Beethoven's personality, and here surpasses Thayer because he understands much better the workings of a musical mind. Unlike most writers, however, he does not let his conception of Beethoven's character become a mere transcription of the emotional effect of his music. He acquaints us with Beethoven's sufferings and heroism, but gives us the idea of a human being very different from the blameless martyr who still figures in popular character sketches of Beethoven.

Beginning with the third chapter on "The Poetic Idea," the book is devoted to Beethoven the musician. "The sum of Beethoven's message was freedom, artistic freedom, political freedom, personal freedom of will, . . . of faith." But Beethoven's freedom rests upon a firm ethical basis. It is a happiness to be achieved only through a stern conflict with fate." Altogether this is a book which will clarify an appreciation of Beethoven and arouse a new eagerness to listen to his music.

A SPEAKER'S COMMENTARIES. By the RT. HON. THE VISCOUNT ULLSWATER. Longmans, Green. 1926. Two vols. $12.

Lord Ullswater, better known as Mr. Speaker Lowther, occupied the Chair in the House of Commons from 1905 to 1921. There have been many testimonies from all the political parties to his gifts of tact and good judgment, but the most important of these is his record; for it is not by any means an easy matter to carry out the duties of such an onerous, thankless, and important office with the ability, vision, and firmness that combined to make him a popular yet respected Speaker.

It is the integrity of his reputation that leads one to expect from his memoirs information of value to the historian and interest to the layman. Unfortunately both will be disappointed. The historian will hardly be repaid for reading these two books and the ordinary reader of biography will find little amusing and nothing instructive in the mass of inconsequential personal anecdotes with which these commentaries are filled. The distinguished author has set down in a straightforward manner a record of his life which appears frankly trivial. Much of it concerns petty social engagements that can but appeal to his close friends and contemporaries; his political observations are threadbare and perfunctory; and even concerning the duties of his office he has no information to impart that is of vital concern or of significant import.

Drama

POMP and Seven Other Plays for Little Theatres. By SADA COWAN. Brentanos. 1926. $2.

This collection of one-act plays bears the stamp of movie technique in which Sada Cowan has had wide experience, for she is perhaps better known as a writer of scenarios than of short stories, poems, and plays. Of these eight short plays, three are more or less frankly propaganda:—one, "The State Forbids," deals with the problems of birth-control and draft-conscription; another "Pomp," with church ceremonial and the breaking away from church convention; and a third, the highly morbid "In the Morgue," already popular with Little Theatre groups as a Grand Guignol thriller, with the unfairness of our modern system of worshipping power and money. Of the other five, "Sintram of Sagerrak" is a poetical fantasy of a half mad youth and his struggle to decide between the love of an earthly girl and that of the Sea, his imagined mistress, in whose clutches he plunges to his death. "The Cat" is a tragedy of a forced marriage between a Geisha girl, and a cruel Japanese husband; "Collaboration," a triangle love sketch; while "As I Remember You," and "The Ball and Chain" both have as their theme the power of "The Past" to ruin the supposedly secure "Presents" of various types of people.

In fact Miss Cowan seems to be particularly fascinated by ladies with "purple pasts" and the dire consequences thereof. One keeps hoping to meet someone who is natural and simple, and everyday among her characters, but they are all hectic, tortured creatures who act exactly as audiences trained in the De Mille school of screen-art expect them to act. It is almost worse when the author waxes tragically fantastic. Her straining towards the poetic is so marked. To be sure there is a certain heavily dramatic skill here. Miss Cowan piles her effects to count for all they are worth and there is no letting up of the

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Drama

(*Continued from preceding page*)

gloom, if gloom is to be the order of the day. She sees her plays through to a finish, leaving no shadow of a doubt in the reader's mind, as to her own opinions on the problems she is presenting.

RED OLEANDERS. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Macmillan. 1925. $2.

With the plays of Tagore it is always as if one saw the characters moving through a thin gauze curtain. His people are vague creatures;—a little hazy and indefinite as to outline; dreamlike and slow as to motion. Only their words come with any sort of distinctness and even these are often so vague, and symbolic as to be almost unintelligible to the definite, more matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon mind. We confess to a steadily growing sense of baffled bewilderment as we read page after page of "Red Oleanders." There were times when Truth did seem about to poke its head out of the maze and Reality to be just around the corner, but never once did either come out and stand fairly and squarely in the open for all to see. This doesn't seem to be playing quite fair with readers, to our way of thinking. Why write in the play form if one never expects to make one's people real enough to be able to appear on any stage; not even upon the stage of the brain, which is, after all, one-of the most exacting in its requirements?

This play is a long, and rambling treatise, apparently, on slavery,—the mental as well as the physical sort. There are various men toiling in some vast underground mine:—a King; a philosopher; a governor, and other shadowy figures all more or less under the influence of Nandini, a girl who wears a string of red oleanders about her neck, again apparently the badge of slavery dyed red by human heart's blood. Many of the lines spoken by this girl and by the others are full of poetical beauty in themselves. Often, standing alone, they are philosophically illuminating. In an essay or poem all this might be simpler and easier to understand. As it is, the reader wallows in a kind of heavy, sleep-provoking sweetness in which the mind becomes gradually inactive. Much of this may be the fault of translation in which case we offer Mr. Tagore our sincerest apologies, but although we searched on our review copy, we could find no mention of a translator.

GRANITE. By *Clemence Dane.* Macmillan. $1.75.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER ON THE RESTORATION STAGE. By *Arthur Colby Sprague.* Harvard University Press.

LITERATURE IN THE THEATRE. By *W. A. Darlington.* Holt. $3.50.

Fiction

THE WHOLE STORY. By ELIZABETH BIBESCO. Putnam. 1926. $2.

A flavor of Ouida and Disraeli permeates these short stories. It is true that the Princess Bibesco's heroines are vastly occupied with the psychology of love, and that they are subtly introspective to a degree undreamt of by the sentimental beauties of an earlier day. But they are the same *grandes amoureuses* with even grander passions, and are loved by the same astonishingly handsome and excessively noble noblemen. All the characters are a thousand times more brilliant and charming than anyone else in the world, including their fellows in the story. For all those upsetting little problems of the modern world, they manage to live in palaces, or at least in palace-hotels. The scene, therefore, is cosmopolis, and it is a very bright and highly scented realm.

As becomes the daughter of her mother, the Princess knows how to make an epigram tell, and how to heighten and point an imaginary dinner-table conversation until it seems that every word has been transmuted and has taken on some rare and paradoxical significance. There are a number of good things in her stories; a wit that is often new in form or application is hers, and no doubt for placing such brilliance within the reach of every reader, for his personal use, she is deserving of the fervent thanks of every hostess. She experiments a bit with style, and has a slight tendency to reiterate a fine phrase or a trifle of happy descriptive prose, but in general her writing is worthy of the smart dialogue. When she is most serious she is most interesting, but a kind of uncertainty appears to take possession of her mind and pen. The characters hesitate and are puzzled and obscure, only to lapse into festoons of epigrams again on the next page, with an inhuman inventiveness and perfect self-confidence.

It is not difficult to see, however, that the Princess's greatest gift is a highly individua brand of satirical sentiment; the first story from which the volume takes its name, the best example of this, possibly because deals with a governess who is also a famou authoress, a woman with a Monte Carl mind and a suburban soul, while only to frequently the central figure is a Gran Duchess yearning for the peace and bour geois respectability of a smal *hôtel meuble* For some reason the first is the more impor tant type. In the study of the polite an highly pictorial love affair, from the firs occult contacts until the participants hav wearied of analysis, the author is obviousl unfortunate. She makes a great many gen eralizations around this subject and is nc once platitudinous or narrow in her poin of view, nor is she carried away by a mor than fitting sentiment. Of the many clever ly arranged intrigues, "Miss Fanshawe," "While There Is Life—," "What Can th Matter Be?" and "The Red Cushion" seen the most worth while. "Red Hair" add a family portrait group that is decidedl entertaining, and in another sphere "The L Perronière Letters" with its delightful iron succeeds in very nearly equalling the qual ity of the title story. The whole book i far from the work of a titled amateur, an the Princess has evidently mastered the tech nique of the short story as well as the ar of observing character. "The Whole Story" was thoroughly worth writing, and in th reading even the dedications are striking Trying to determine why "Red Hair" shoul have been offered to Augustus John, an what the reactions of Christopher Morle to "1913-1923" must have been is a fascin ating occupation, quite as fascinating an unreal as the stories themselves.

KELLER'S ANNA RUTH. By ELSI SINGMASTER. Houghton, Mifflin. 1920 $2.

It is a joy to find one author who ca strengthen the conviction that there shoul be compensation for hardship, and restitu tion for self-denial. Elsie Singmaster be lieves that realism and realization are no incompatible, for she has taken the skei of a young girl's dreams, warped an tangled by disappointments and disillusion ments, and has woven a plausible tapestr of which the theme is recompense. Th entire plot may be summed up in the on word, faithfulness,—the heroine's faithfu ness to her mother, to her sister, to he brother, to her father, to her lover, and t herself, which eventually finds its reward.

"Keller's Anna Ruth" is another nove of small-town life, but more particularly i might be called an epic of the grocery store Anna Ruth's highest outlook is from window above her father's store whenc she gazes upon Duke Street and its in habitants until it is time for her to descen to her monotonous duties downstairs in th midst of odors in which she was born an brought up. But in spite of this, despon dency never overcomes her nature; she hug a little oft-repeated and consoling formul to her heart: "I have my father, and m mother, and Roger, and Juliet and Arthur." She is her father's slave. He owns her. H stifles her impulses. He deceives her. H reduces her to a grocery clerk and hold her in penury. And only after his death when it is found that he has left her fortune, does she overthrow her old life i one magnificent gesture by giving the gro cery store and its contents to a poor friend and go forth to grasp happiness.

"Keller's Anna Ruth" is a keen picture o miserliness and its effects. It is also, to b sure, another episode in the epic of rura Pennsylvania which the author begar building up in "Katy Gaumer" in 1914 But, best of all, it is a story which has no been spoiled by pessimism or morbid detail The author seems to be on friendly term with her characters. She sympathizes with them, loves them, and encourages them t speak through her; she does not use them as helpless puppets to voice her own con victions. It would be difficult to describe the charm of her style. Its smoothness i like that of an unruffled, undeviating stream. Its limpidity grows more marked with each of her works. Miss Singmaster's book is on a high plane.

THE BLUE CASTLE. By L. M. MONTGOMERY. Stokes. 1926. $2.

The author here has used to well-worn theme of a chief character given, by a doctor, a year or less to live, and the consequent weighty problem of how to get the most out of the intervening time. Valancy Stirling, repressed, unattractive old maid of twenty-nine, is the chosen victim, and when she learns that her days are numbered, she seeks in all too familiar ways to gain one blissful hour. The imaginative reader may suspect that Valancy's malady will not prove fatal, that in revolt she will

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tardily ripen and thrive, win the man of her heart to belated mating, and live happily ever after. But all these foregone eventualities are gracefully unfolded, with not a little broad humor and a merciful restraint. The story is, of course, one exclusively for feminine readers.

THE SEA OF DREAMS. By ALFRED GORDON BENNETT. Macaulay. 1926. $2.

White wanderers in the islands of Polynesia, primitive passions and purest loves, shipwrecks, lurid heroics, and dark villainies, are the familiar ingredients of this gaudy romance. There is some fearful writing in the book, such as: "So sat he on bewitched," and: "Came, through the murk of dreams, a harsh, cold voice," as well as some which is relatively fair. But the whole seems to be more like an elaborated movie scenario than a novel, being full of stock characters, incidents, and situations favored by the directing geniuses of the silent drama.

THE WAR GOD WALKS AGAIN. By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

These adroit and plausible pictures of the next war (next wars, rather, for they deal with land campaigns in Europe, naval campaigns in the Pacific, and the suppression of a Communist revolution in London) are not to be recommended to elderly staff officers, either military or naval. For they are written from the viewpoint of the younger and more radical tacticians of whom General Mitchell, olav hasholem, is in this country the most distinguished; and in most of the stories the "villain" who lets his fatherland in for ruinous defeat is an elderly general or admiral who stubbornly holds that the infantry, or the battleship, will win the war, until his infantry or his battleship crews are wiped out by gas bombs dropped from swarms of hostile airplanes.

Captain Austin's service in the British army in the last war gave him the natural prejudice of line officers against the staff and the politicians which is reflected in "A Battlepiece: Old Style," and begets the gleeful new-style battlepiece in which the enemy's air forces neglect the intrenched army altogether to begin and end the war by annihilating staff, politicians, and embusqués in the capital. Wars, like everything else, have a habit of turning out not quite as one had expected; some details of Captain Austin's forecast may be wrong. But whatever its value as prophecy it is excellent fiction; his pictures are vivid, he knows how to sum up and subordinate technical detail for the benefit of the lay reader; and since the next war, whatever else it may be, is pretty certain to be destructive beyond all precedent, these pictures of what it might mean to everybody, in uniform or out, are very useful propaganda toward the discouragement of bellicose sentiments.

OKLAHOMA. By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER. Little, Brown. 1926. $2.

In his newest story of the West, Mr. Cooper skilfully combines historical events with imagined plot and characters. The immense migration of homesteaders, in the late eighties and early nineties, into the newly opened Indian Territory, their struggles for a foothold in the wilderness, their hardships, heroism, and ultimate security, give the author richly picturesque materials. Mort Sturdevant and Major Gordon W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill), an actual figure in Oklahoma history, are the leaders of the first bands of settlers, and leaders they remain despite a myriad vicissitudes. The story moves with vivid swiftness from start to finish, its only fault that we have found being a particularly silly and not entirely necessary love affair.

THE WAY OF THE PANTHER. By DENNY C. STOKES. Stokes. 1926. $2.

Novels dealing realistically with life in British India are not often as good as this grim story of an Englishman's subjection by the laws of the jungle. Young Shendaw Staines goes out to India as assistant manager of an extensive, but isolated, coffee plantation. At the end of six years, the owner dies, bequeathing to Shendaw full possession of the property. It is then that the young man begins slowly to deteriorate, to give way to the impulses of savagery which have long been slumbering in him. There is a sinister mystery in his decline, suggested, not too obviously, at intervals in the story's course, that finally reveals the awful logic of his downfall. The book (it is the first we have seen by Mr. Stokes) bears authentic marks of promise.

RED EARTH. By JANE ENGLAND. Doran. 1926. $2.

Let the august Calvin appoint a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer; for another province of Romance has been conquered and annexed by Realism. Miss England writes of Rhodesia, and one encounters in her pages mambas and Matabeles, remittance men and strong silent Englishmen, highballs at nightfall and more deplorable relaxations later in the evening, precisely as in the works of Miss Cynthia Stockley. But with what a difference! Hers is a second-generation Rhodesia, a farming country going through a period of agrarian depression; much of her story is corn-belt stuff which would fit Indiana as well as Africa.

Not all, of course. Rhodesia is not Indiana. There is the Black Peril; there is the weary oh-to-be-in-England-now-that-April's-there of those who have left their country for their families' good; there is the persistent friction between three incompatible races. Even a realistic, pacified, second-generation Africa is still Africa; the cruel barbaric charm of the veldt is latent in the entire book. As a picture, the painting of the movement of figures against a background, it is effective and convincing, and suggests that Miss England may presently write the best South African books that have yet been written.

If this one is not the best, it is because the least interesting person in the story is the heroine. Charity might account for the tendency of more important persons to work over Luce Bronson until they brought her out and made the morbid country girl into a civilized woman, but that is hardly sufficient excuse for writing a book about her; and one feels that the strong silent Englishman she eventually marries could have been put to better use by Miss Stockley. But there is one really first-rate piece of character drawing in the grim sullen Boer stepmother, and almost as good is Elizabeth Dorley, who had married the wrong man. Miss England can write; one hopes that next time she will write about somebody more exciting than Luce Bronson.

HISTORY

TROY AND PÆONIA with Glimpses of Ancient Balkan History and Religion. By GRACE HARRIET MACURDY. Columbia University Press. 1025.

Miss Macurdy's book is a valuable contribution to the Homeric question and to the history of early Indo-European races and religion. The point of view of the author on the Homeric question is that of the historic school which regards the Homeric poems not only as a great creation of literary fiction but also as a great source of historical knowledge. In the history of religion the author emphasizes her standing by dedicating her volume to Miss Jane Ellen Harrison.

The work in its fifteen chapters deals with various problems which all concentrate on one main problem, that of the history and religion of the early Nordic settlers of Greece and especially of Asia Minor. Based on full mastery of both written and archæological evidence, it makes valuable contributions to our knowledge, and it is written in an excellent, easy English.

It is a great pleasure to linger for a while with the help of Professor Macurdy among the peoples which fought for Troy, and to visualize them, to see them, vested in flesh and blood, in all their barbarism and with all their primitive religious beliefs and habits. It is a pity, however, that in dealing with the Trojans and their allies the author never mentions the rulers of Asia Minor of the time, the so-called Hittites, and never takes a stand on the much vexed Hittite question. The new and thrilling discoveries of Forrer, Hrozny, Weidner, etc., are certainly well known to the author, but never mentioned by her. Without them no picture of Troy in her early history can be true and comprehensible, for without the Hittites Troy lacks her natural background, the background of Asia Minor and of the Near East in general.

In dealing with Thracia and Pæonia, Miss Macurdy ignores both the abundant archæological material bearing on the religious beliefs of the Thracians and Pæonians, which has been disclosed recently by the efforts of Austrian, Serbian, and Bulgarian scholars, especially by those of Professor G. Kazarow, and the works of the Bulgarian scholars on the history and ethnography of Thracia and Pæonia. They contain not only much new material (*e.g.*, the newly discovered inscriptions in the Tracian language) but also many new and important points of view. The same must be said of the Russian contributions to the archæology and history of religion of the Russian steppes. The author proceeds largely on the hypothesis that the con-

(*Continued on next page*)

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*N.B. For "the" read "a." It is interesting to note, however, that *two* publisher's staffs have agreed, for Constable, the English publisher, announced: "'This is a novel of destiny', declared the first reader of this manuscript. Every subsequent reader agrees that 'Ways of Escape' is a great human story."

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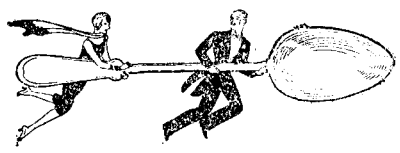

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The New Books

History

(*Continued from preceding page*)

querors of Troy II were the horsemen, the tumuli people of South Russia (which is at least very doubtful). Why then has she not taken the pains of reading Count I. I. Tolstoy's book, "The Tauris and the White Island," which deals exactly with the questions which occupy her attention? *Rossica sunt, non leguntur.*

THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND. By *Robert E. Spiller.* Holt. $4.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE CIVIL WAR. By *Walter Geer.* Brentanos. $5.

International

COURTS AND COUNTRIES AFTER THE WAR. By H. R. H. THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $3.

An impassioned defense of royalty, with the emphasis on King Alfonso of Spain and ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, seems to be the purpose of this book. For the most part the Spanish Princess sustains the interest of the reader in an entirely superficial sense. She relates many anecdotes out of her own experience which, when time has not robbed them of their piquancy, form the unique diversions of a somewhat inconsequential cruise around the world. For the rest the merit of what she says is all but eclipsed by lack of critical justifications and feminine enthusiasms.

As the aunt of King Alfonso, and a very devoted aunt at that, her prejudice in favor of this monarch is understandable; on the whole her remarks are fair, although unprofitable, one feels. To those people who really believe that the Spanish King trifles with his great responsibilities and lives a frivolous life with the republican wolf at the door, it will come as a shock that his aunt regards him as a *beau cavalier* on the pattern of a Don Quixote, but a cavalier whose duties are essentially practical and modern and whose sole aim is to serve the State in serving his people and promoting their welfare.

On most other royalties the author is somewhat vexatious, and on countries she is too much swayed by her emotions to be really digestible. She rightly sees something to admire in every nation and, perhaps, after all, wisely leaves it at that. More than anything else her book deserves to be read for the appeal it makes for fair play and tolerance in revising the judgments passed designedly by propaganda on royalty, *especially that royalty that is now in* exile.

THE PATHWAY OF PEACE. By CHARLES E. HUGHES. Harpers. 1925.

This volume brings together numerous addresses of Charles E. Hughes during his incumbency of the Secretaryship of State, 1921-1925. They embrace various topics, the greater number dealing with our foreign relations, including a group on the Monroe Doctrine and relations on the American Continent. Four addresses, chiefly legal," and a collection of miscellaneous addresses, complete the volume.

Among those on our foreign policy, probably the most important is the one dealing with the limitation of naval armaments, Mr. Hughes's address as presiding officer on opening the Conference of 1921. Mr. Hughes will probably be best remembered in foreign affairs for his startling proposal of limitation and for the success which attended that Conference. The address from which the volume takes its name, The Pathway of Peace, was delivered to the Canadian Bar Association, September, 1923, and undertakes to assess the factors making for law and for peace. Mr. Hughes may be distinguished by a practical judgment of affairs, with but little emotional sentimentality; hence his conclusions are entitled to weight and are likely to survive the exuberant moment in which they may have been uttered. Yet, in speeches made for special occasions, a certain element of platitude is inevitable. It will probably never be known whether the suggestion contained in his New Haven speech of 1922, to the effect that the Reparation issue was an economic issue, was naive or carefully contemplated. It acquired importance because of the constant effort of certain European countries to keep the issue political, the Ruhr invasion occurring shortly after the speech was published. These nations finally surrendered to the necessities of economic facts and submitted to the Dawes Plan solution; thus Mr. Hughes's suggestion obtained the force of a prophesy. His speech on the recognition of Russia makes little contribution to statesmanship, nor does the address on the Permanent Court of International Justice disclose any new thoughts, with the exception of his suggestion for our possible legal coöperation with the League under the restrictions imposed by our renunciation of the Covenant. The reservations finally placed by the Senate on our adherence to the protocol involves serious departures from Mr. Hughes's suggestions. His address before the Council on Foreign Relations in January, 1924, constitutes a useful summary of the issue involved in the extraterritorial seizure of rum ships, and in the perennial legal controversy with Mexico. An address on the Dawes Plan shows a sympathetic understanding of the necessity for the economic rehabilitation of Europe. The addresses to the new consuls and on "Some Aspects of the Department of State," indicate a lofty comprehension of the functions of the foreign service. It is no light matter for a man who had never had any training in foreign affairs to take over at the age of nearly sixty, and at a time when the affairs of the world were exceptionally complicated, the administration of the foreign affairs of a power like the United States. If specialists could find matters for criticism, it nevertheless attests the remarkable versatility of Mr. Hughes and the keenness of his mind. His style is direct, lucid, and impressive. It was a useful service to bring these addresses together.

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New Books

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Dean of the Graduate Faculties of Columbia University

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. By *Ellen Glasgow* (Doubleday, Page).

MY HERESY. By *William Montgomery Brown* (John Day).

"THE COLLECTED POEMS OF CARL SANDBURG" (Harcourt, Brace).

K. M. G., Pittsburgh, Pa., asks for advice on the best single-volume English Thesaurus for use in an editorial office. He is familiar with Allen's "Synonyms and Antonyms" and the old editions of Roget, but neither of these is just what he wants.

THE American Library Association says that "Synonyms, Antonyms, and Associated Words," by Louis Andrew Flemming (Putnam), is "the most useful because the most comprehensive of the books containing groupings of words having similar, opposite, or associated meanings without definitions." My own affections are still with Roget, possibly because I have so often gone on shopping tours along his long counters of words, coming out with the conviction that getting the exact word is like matching the exact shade: when you hold your idea against one that looked fairly good among all the others, you realize that it is a shade off and so all wrong. Only one word will do, if you are to use it in a bright light.

E. K. C., Brookline, Mass., has heard that two books about Cleopatra, recently published, not only are unusually interesting but give a different idea of her power and influence from that generally entertained. What are they?

NO doubt the first is "Life and Times of Cleopatra," by Arthur Weigall (Putnam), published in 1914, but with a new and revised edition appearing in 1924. This is not novelized biography but a genuine historical study of the origin of the Roman Empire: however, the general reader finds himself plunging through it in high excitement. Some reputations rather suffer: Caesar loses a few laurels, Brutus shows as a prize prig, there are gaps in Antony's devotion, and as for Augustus, his character is not at all like his bust. But Cleopatra comes off rather well, considering: he strikes a note of domesticity by calling her "the little Queen," and bringing in her devotion to the twins and the rest of the family. Perhaps her home-life was not so "different" as the Victorians deemed. The other book is probably "Life and Death of Cleopatra," by Claude Ferval (Doubleday, Page), also published in 1924, a translation from the French. This is a historical romance, keeping quite closely to the story of her life as generally believed. The author is a French noblewoman who has written several other historical novels.

J. H., Blackwell, Oklahoma, asks for books on contemporary painters, especially those of America.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ'S "American Artists" (Scribner) gives brief but valuable sketches of a number of American painters and more detailed treatment to several of the more important. His "Personalities in Art" (Scribner), another new book, while it goes as far back as Leonardo includes also Renoir and Dégas. The standard work on its subject is Lorado Taft's "History of American Sculpture" (Macmillan), a large and well-illustrated volume. Lorinda M. Bryant's "American Pictures and Their Painters" (Dodd, Mead) has 230 illustrations: a good book for general use in a library collection. For etchings and prints there is the admirable book on "American Graphic Art," by Frank Weitenkampf (Macmillan), in a new and revised edition. There are a number of recently published appreciations and biographies of contemporary American painters: an important one is William Howe Downes's "John S. Sargent: His Life and Work" (Little, Brown): another valuable book is "Howard Pyle: a Chronicle," by Charles D. Abbott (Harper). "The Life and Work of Winslow Homer," an earlier book by Mr. Downes, is published by Houghton Mifflin; A. E. Gallatin's "John Sloan," an appreciation as illustrator, cartoonist, and painter, by Dutton.

Several surveys of the history of art or inquiries into principles of criticism have lately appeared that will interest members of study-groups. "The Masters of Modern Art," by Walter Pach (Huebsch) connects past with present and illustrates with reproductions of the work of modern artists. "A Wanderer Among Old Pictures," by E. V. Lucas (Doran), appears in a new edition: there are seventy reproductions of old paintings and references to art collections in fifteen cities. I have not yet seen Frank Jewett Mather's "Modern Painting: 1664-1914" (Holt), but I expect much from experience with the author's "History of Italian Painting" (Holt). "A History of Art," by Helen Gardner (Harcourt, Brace), includes India, China, Japan, and America as well as Europe. There are 800 photographs and several illustrations in color: the author is head of the art department in the Chicago Art Institute, and the book is especially good for use with American collections; this is a work that will be welcomed by libraries. "Old Masters and Modern Art," by Sir Charles Holmes (Harcourt, Brace), has now a second volume to add to that published a year or so ago; it is a guide to study of the pictures in the National Gallery, London, and is freely and excellently illustrated with page reproductions, some in color. "Renoir: an Intimate Record," by Ambrose Volland (Knopf), in addition to its critical and biographical value, reproduces twenty-six of the artist's most representative paintings.

"Great Works of Art and What Makes Them Great," by F. W. Ruckstall (Putnam), is an inquiry into art principles, in terms easily understood by the layman. Whether one agrees with him or not, the statements are bound to be stimulating, and he has illustrated every step of the way in great detail. "Sketches of Great Painters," by E. W. Chubb (Appleton), gives an idea of the personalities of fifteen of them; a book for which clubs with a miscellaneous program often ask me. "Art for Amateurs and Students," by George J. Cox (Doubleday, Page), could be used as a text, but is for the layman also; it includes many schools of painting and some sculpture, and has many illustrations. So many reading-lists on this subject are full of books out of print that I repeat that these are of recent publication; none of them are too expensive for a small library.

L. A. S., New Milford, Conn., is "discovering America" in fiction, and is especially interested in finding novels which have Cincinnati as a background"—this fascinating city, with its mingling of North and South, Saxon and Teuton; its picturesque location, its artistic and intellectual life."

THIS inquirer makes such a list harder to assemble by saying that he has already the novels of Mary S. Watts (Macmillan). No one has, I think, put so much of the city —whose description given above I endorse from personal experience—into fiction as well as she has done in "The Legacy," "The Boardman Family," "Noonmark," and "Van Cleve." The Public Library there has just sent me the names of six novels: Nathaniel Stephenson's "Eleanor Dayton," a story of a Cincinnati family in the old days of Calvinism, and "They That Took the Sword," life before and during the Civil War; Mrs. Emma Backus's "The Career of Dr. Weaver" and "A Place in the Sun;" Benjamin Drake's "Tales and Sketches from the Queen City;" and J. A. Altsheler's "Wilderness Road," a romance of St. Clair's defeat and Wayne's victory.

E. N. T., Belgrade Lakes, Maine, and S. T. Z., Atlantic City, N. J., ask for books on the technique of verse.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER has lately come to the aid of the beginner with a little book called "The Forms of Poetry: a Pocket Dictionary of Verse" (Harcourt, Brace), which packs into less than two hundred pages not only much information, but a far greater amount of provocation to further reading and study. It gives a manual of poetic terms,—for which I am so often asked—a sketch of the forms of verse and a necessarily brief outline of the history of English poetry. Before this the only book I have read of the same general nature was "An Introduction to Poetry," by Joy Hubbell and John Beatty (Macmillan), which has been a practical help to young verse-makers for the past three years; it would benefit readers as well as writers: "Types of Poetry," by Jacob Zeitlin and Clarissa Einaker (Macmillan), gives examples from Beowulf to Sandburg; it is a college text with essays on each type and its development; this is a recent publication.

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TO OUR *occasional* READERS

The Saturday Review in 1926-27 offers its most ambitious editorial program. It will publish, as hitherto, essays by the best pens, here and abroad, which interpret and illumine the life that lies behind literature as well as literature itself. Also it will feature a series of review essays wherein books of real importance will be discussed with scope and richness and a penetration impossible in a brief review.

Qwertyuiop ! !

Under the above enigmatical title, an extraordinary, humorous, candid, anonymous, documented Inside History of American Literature and Publishing from the Dawn of a New Sentiment about the time the furnace was lit in 1912, down to the publication of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," will start in an early issue. The anonymity of the compilers will be scrupulously observed; the inside story of a contemporary era told with as much frankness, humor, fairness and intimacy as possible.

One feature, to start in the early Fall, will be a series of essays by Henry Seidel Canby upon the great figures of American literature, Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Mark Twain, Whitman and others, against the social background of their times.

Amy Loveman will contribute a group of essays upon the women novelists.

William Rose Benét continues The Phœnix Nest in addition to essays, reviews and poems, and The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley will occupy its regular position. Ernest Boyd's able articles on foreign literature and Mrs. Becker's famous "Reader's Guide" will continue.

Do not miss any of the new features. Start reading *The Saturday Review* regularly. There is a coupon just below which will start the current issue on its way to you, just as soon as we have your name and address. Send $3.50 with it, or let us send you a bill. Either way is quite acceptable.

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Points of View

Neglected Books

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I am a chronic reader of the *Saturday Review* and have been interested in the recent letters printed by it on Neglected Books. I have a number of books that I am especially fond of that I have never heard mentioned, or else so seldom that I feel sure they must not have the number of lovers and admirers that I personally feel that they should have.

First and foremost is "Letters from Egypt," by Lady Duff-Gordon, not the Lady Duff-Gordon of modern and fashionable fame, but one who died in Egypt about 1865, and whose letters are among the most charming and human and interesting I have ever read. I had never heard of her, or of them, till 1912 when I came across a copy in a book-store across the street from Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, as I was following my favorite indoor sport of browsing about in a book-store. I saw enough in that way to know I wanted the book and bought it and read it with avidity; and the book has almost fallen to pieces with much lending among friends who fortunately have remained friends by returning the book to me. I have tried on various occasions to buy the book, but it has been out of print for some time and I have only been able to get an occasional second-hand copy. Lady Duff-Gordon was an unusual woman in many ways. She had unusual originality and sympathy and understanding, and evidently unusual opportunities of knowing interesting people. Her daughter, Janet, later Mrs. Ross, was the original of Rose, the heroine of George Meredith's "Evan Harrington," and Lady Duff-Gordon and her husband were likewise the originals of Rose's father and mother. Meredith was very fond of Janet Ross as a girl and she rode with him often. Lady Duff-Gordon went to Egypt on account of her health, as she had consumption and she lived in the house, deserted and ramshackle, in which the Frenchman who discovered the Rossetta stone had lived while making his explorations in the Nile valley. She was dependent for everything on her native servants, and the only social life she had among Europeans came through visits of notabilities travelling up the Nile by boat, who would stop to call on their way. She learned Arabic, and with her own private supply of medicines doctored as best she could the servants and village people, who were devoted to her, and through whom she had unusual opportunities to see sides of native life denied to the ordinary traveller. She had a wonderful power of description, and her letters to her family are full of accounts of her everyday doings and of the doings of her household, that give a delightful picture of the people, and quite unconsciously of herself, and her own delightful personality. I wish that this book could be reprinted, and so be obtainable by those who enjoy letters and autobiography. As I say, I have not found anyone who had ever read or heard of the book before I had either told them about it or lent it to them.

I also have often resented the fact that "Cranford" is the only book of Mrs. Gaskell's that most people seem to know. Her "Sylvia's Lovers," "Wives and Daughters," and "Mary Barton" are equally good, according to my mind, and have for many years been among my favorite "classics," for that is what they seem to me, especially the first mentioned one.

Another book that I like, and which is among my treasured possessions is E. L. Voynich's "The Gadfly." This can only be had nowadays in a cheap edition, and I think it deserves a better. It is a book that more people seem to know about than the others I have spoken of, I suppose because it is more recent, and has been read in the youth of more people of the present generation (meaning my own middle-aged generation). It is an unhappy book, but inevitably so, like so much of life;—given the ingredients of which it is made. I should like all these books to have the recognition of the present, as I trust they had in the day when they were published. They seem to me worth the reading and affection of people here and now, who appreciate real things.

This a long letter, badly expressed, but the result of a desire to have certain old loves recognized.

BERYL B. BARD.

Ojai, Calif.

On a Library Slip

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Apropos of the recent discussion in *The Saturday Review* of "Neglected Books," I found last summer in doing research work in Peru, the following note, written on a library slip in a volume of Squier belonging to the Congressional Library:

"March 7, 1924.

"This fascinating book was seen in this library over forty years. Its good condition seems to show the vanity of the travellers' toils and dangers and the vanity of literary grace and charm. D. R."

The book is known to students of things Peruvian as authoritative, it has "literary charm and grace," and the library copy *was* discouragingly fresh and clear!

M. O. CARPENTER.

Washington, D. C.

The Essence of Aptness

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

The Bowling Green in the issue of *The Saturday Review* of August 28 cast a gloom over my evening by reminding me that the Irish Free State had not yet emancipated the Irish people from alcoholdom and that it was still possible to procure spirituous liquors, such as you set forth in unnecessarily tantalizing detail, although at a price, *quantum mutatus ab ielo*, which in my unregenerate youth we used to pay for it.

It may interest you to know that in St. Patrick's Cathedral, which may to many of your readers erroneously denote a Roman Catholic church, there is a testimony to the esteem in which the liquor traffic was once held. The church had fallen into serious disrepair in the '60's. The Guinnesses, the world-famous brewers, had already begun their rise in the world. They donated a large sum of money for the restoration of the edifice, which was not unconnected with the elevation of a member of the firm to a baronetcy, and later as he kept growing richer, and richer, to a peerage, in which I believe he was known as Lord Ardilaun. His elevation did not save him from the common griefs of lesser men. He lost his amiable spouse, Lady Anne Guinness. A stained glass window was placed, appropriately enough in the church which her husband had so munificently befriended. It is nearly twenty years since my eyes rested upon it, but I give my recollection of it as a representation of Rebekah at the well, but it was the legend that chiefly impressed me. "I was thirsty and ye gave me drink." Could appropriateness be carried further? Drink had restored the church and made the good lady "Lady Anne."

MARTIN MCMIX.

On the Air

REVIEWS of the following ten magazine articles, selected by a committee of librarians, were broadcast under the auspices of *The Saturday Review of Literature* over Station WOR:

DARWIN THE DESTROYER.
Gamaliel Bradford in *Harper's Magazine.*

From the perspective of a half-century Gamaliel Bradford considers the influence which Darwin's evolutionary theories has exerted on science, religion, and literature—a destroying influence which no one has escaped.

THE MEN AT GENEVA.
Ernest Poole in *Century Magazine.*

In a thoroughly human article the author takes you behind the scenes at Geneva, where you see the League of Nations at work. You see its weakness—you see its strength. Then you decide for yourself whether it accomplishes its purpose.

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN!
William Z. Ripley *in Atlantic Monthly.*

The author discloses in his paper a source of danger and mystification in the field of corporate finance; naming names when names are needed, he demonstrates why responsible facts and figures should not be withheld from shareholders.

THE DEBT SETTLEMENT.
The Right Hon. Philip Snowden in *Atlantic Monthly.*

Of importance to us all is this inquiry into England's crisis. The author discusses his reasons for wishing us to revise our method of collecting our war debt from England or cancelling it.

THE DRIFT OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.
James Harvey Robinson in *Harper's Magazine.*

James Harvey Robinson, author of "The Mind in the Making," asks if the besetting danger of our civilization is not the moral overrating of the past, and urges the replacement of outgrown prejudices and aims by others conforming more closely to actual conditions.

LINCOLN'S HONORABLE PARENTAGE
Louis A. Warren in *Century Magazine.*

As editor of a Kentucky newspaper, the author began his investigation of the Lincoln and Hanks folklore. After pursuing his task for several years he discloses the result of his research, which shows that Lincoln's family skeletons turn out to be apparitions.

BEYOND THE MILKY WAY.
George Ellery Hale in *Scribner's Magazine.*

The Honorary Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory discusses in language intelligible to the layman what lies in depths of space beyond the boundaries of the Milky Way. Thirteen illustrations from photographs and diagrams accompany the text.

THE SIFTING POWER OF CITIES.
Ellsworth Huntington in *Scribner's Magazine.*

The author studies statistics with the object of finding why the brighter people leave their rural and urban surroundings to "try their luck" in the big cities. He also treats the possible effect in generations to come of the decided trend of migration to the city.

WE BAG THE FAMOUS MARCO POLO SHEEP. Theodore Roosevelt in *Cosmopolitan Magazine.*

A vivid account of a hunting expedition in the Himalayas with the object of bagging the Ovis Poli, which many consider nearly extinct. The value of the article lies not alone in its description of the hunting trip but in the clear word picture of the country which the Ovis Poli inhabits.

BUS OR TRAIN—OR BOTH?
John C. Emery in *Review of Reviews.*

This account of the extent to which the motor bus has been adopted by railroads throughout the country, to improve and extend local service, has been prepared by the associate editor of the *Railway Age* of Chicago. He is not unduly sympathetic toward the bus.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

IBLIOGRAPHICAL POINTS

THE return of the first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which rought $34,000 in London, to the auc-oneers who sold it, on the ground that it elonged, not to the original, but to a cond issue, having on the last page a list f errata not found in other copies, has sulted in a good deal of discussion of ne bibliographical points. A collector riting in the London *Times* says:

"The bibliographical peculiarities of the olume do not seem altogether clear; but I onclude from the article and photograph ublished in *The Times* that the last leaf i the book is not a cancel (that is, a re-rint made for the purpose of adding the rrata), but it forms an integral part of he sheet (the errata having been added to he form while the sheet was in course of eing printed off). If this is so, surely hen the use of the term 'issue' is mislead-ng. What the presence of the errata shows s that there are two states of the last heet, not that here are two issues of the vhole volume. Some pulls of the last heet would have the errata, some would ot but the whole of the impression would e completed before any copies were gath-red. The sheets then would be sewn up ndiscriminately, and the order in which the opies were issued would be random.

"The article in *The Times* mentions that ome copies present certain misprints in the agination, and it is implied that these form additional criteria for distinguishing he issues. But I doubt whether it can be shown that the correction of the misprints s consistently linked with the presence of the errata; and if it is so linked with the known copies, these are too few to exclude the likelihood of chance. For the sheet showing variations in the paging must have been printed off before that with (or without) the errata, and the pulls must almost certainly have been gathered indiscriminately. The possibility that the whole of the type was kept standing and that impressions were taken as required—even if such a practice could be admitted for such a date—seems excluded by the nature of the case: otherwise, if the pagination could be corrected, so could the textual errors.

"It seems to me that the term 'issue' always implies, or should imply, some temporal sequence applicable to a book as a whole. In that sense it can hardly be correct to speak of two issues of the first edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress.' For anything that we can tell to the contrary, the copy recently returned as belonging to the 'second issue' may have been the very first copy to issue from the printing-house."

TOLSTOY CENTENARY

MADAME Tatiana Soukhotine-Tolstoy, daughter of the great Russian novelist, is in Paris working hard to prepare for the centenary of the birth of her father, which will be in two years. In an interview she says:

"I am here to find out what people think of my father's writings and to see if they are interested in celebrating his centenary. Of course, Russia will be most interested, but the English have already taken steps which show their interest. They have formed the Tolstoy Society for the publication of my father's complete works on the occasion of his centenary. America will receive one-half of the English edition, and I have been invited to attend a series of conferences there. I am afraid now that I shall not be able to attend as many as they desire, as I am no longer young. Then, too, I am not a born lecturer and have only taken up this work after seeing the alarming number of false legends, anecdotes, and stories which have been published since the death of my father. Our family have decided to protest and I have been chosen the delegate to do it. My work began in Russia and I will continue it throughout Europe and perhaps in America."

AMERICAN BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE annual meeting of the Bibliographical Society of America will be held at Atlantic City in connection with the American Library Association meetings, October 4 to 8 inclusive. The meeting will be on October 5, beginning at 2:30 P. M. The general subject to be dealt with is American bibliography in the last half-century, and the program will include the following papers: "Summary of American Achievements in the Bibliography of Public Documents," by James B. Childs, Library of Congress; "American Achievements in the Published Bibliography of American Literature," by Isadore G. Mudge, Columbia University; "American Contributions to the Bibliography of English Literature," by Minnie E. Sears, H. W. Wilson Company of New York City; and "American Achievements in the Bibliography of United States History," by Augustus H. Shearer, Grosvenor Library of Buffalo. The 1925 papers are now in the hands of the editors, but the date of publication in the "Papers and Proceedings" has not yet been announced. Since the last News Letter of the Society was issued there have been ten additions to membership, and a general invitation letter is now in preparation and will be sent out soon.

NOTE AND COMMENT

COLUMBIA LIBRARY is now exhibiting in the east gallery an important collection of ancient Egyptian papyri written in Greek, and the work of deciphering them is still going on in the gallery which has been converted into a workshop for the purpose.

* *

From the Oxford University Press will soon come the two final chapters of "Persuasion" printed directly from Jane Austen's manuscript. Many lovers of Jane Austen know that these chapters as they appear in the published version were not the final chapters as originally written. The manuscript of their first drafts is all that remains in Jane Austen's handwriting of any of her novels, and they will be reprinted (not in facsimile) from the fragments now in the British Museum.

* *

The proof sheets of several chapters of Balzac's "Catherine de Medici," and a collection of 116 unpublished letters of Ernest Renan, have been purchased by Gabriel Wells, the well known rare book dealer of this city, and will soon be brought to this country. The Balzac proof sheets consisted of three sets of autographed corrections in the author's handwriting, and also a letter to his publishers. The Renan letters are in regard to the excavations in Phœnicia, giving a chronological account of the expedition of 1860-61, and are considered of great scientific value.

Otto Hufeland has told the story of "Westchester County During the American Revolution" in a privately printed volume of 450 pages. Not only was Westchester County the scene of numberless petty raids and bloody skirmishes, but in this territory many important events took place which affected the cause at large. At the conclusion of the war it was devastated and nearly depopulated. It was the scene, too, of the important battle of White Plains, and it was in this county that occurred the capture of Major Andre, one of the most dramatic events of the war. Added value is given to the volume by the reproduction of several maps, on which much care has been bestowed. The volume bears evidence of most careful and exhaustive research, many errors having been discovered and corrected.

* *

The demands in England during the four weeks ending July 31, for the first editions of modern British authors, compiled for *The Bookman's Journal* from the desiderata of second-hand booksellers appearing in various papers, printed in the August number, contains a list of 48 authors of which the following ten were at the head: Anthony Trollope, John Galsworthy, Sir James M. Barrie, Charles Dickens, Rudyard Kipling, Joseph Conrad, Thomas Hardy, Norman Douglas, W. H. Hudson, and George Gissing.

M. Georges Courteline has been given the *Grand Prix* of the French Academy. It is a supreme recognition which this writer, now nearly seventy, deserved. Courtelines belongs, in a sense, to the great French line which Molière typifies; his characteristic is an admixture of seriousness, sometimes bordering on bitterness, with an irresistible comic treatment: nothing can be more French than that mental attitude. Courteline defended it victoriously at a time when Zola was the champion of an unrelieved gloom.

A short and amusing book by Jean Viollis, "L'Oiseau Bleu S'est Endormi" (Grasset), tells the story of a French boy in the provinces and reflects French life with sincerity and charm. The portraits of his imaginative grandfather, his practical grandmother, the family doctor who shared the grandfather's fondness for good eating, the old nun, the servants, all are alive and entertaining, and useful in making France known to those who are under the delusion that Paris is France.

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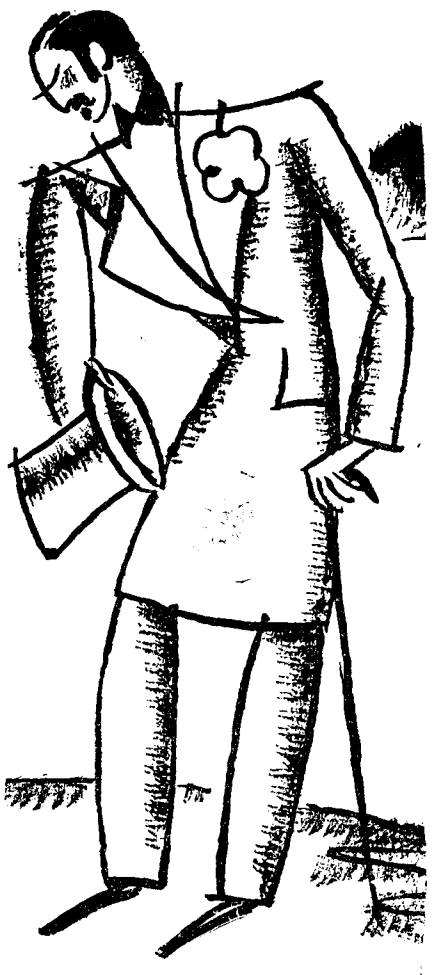

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The Phoenix Nest

THE fall flood-tide of books has set in strongly. We are swamped. Consequently we shall turn first to our correspondence rather than to the examination of particular books. Several post-cards from Paris, bearing sepia photographs of *Rodin* sculpture, inform us that *John Stapleton Cowley-Brown*, once one of contemporary literature's most ferocious critics, is now in that city. He has been in Europe for two years, to Edinburgh, London, Nice, Paris, and so on. But he says he did not break the bank at Monte Carlo. He remarks that Rodin's "Danäide," of which he sends us a picture, is the Rodin mentioned in *George Moore's* "Memoirs of My Dead Life." . . .

Anent recent remarks of ours, it is interesting to hear from *J. W. Greenberg*, of Greenberg, Publishers, Inc., that early in the Spring they are bringing out an anthology of the best railroad ballads, to be called "The Railroad Man's Song Book." It will be the most complete collection ever attempted, and will contain music as well as lyrics. It is being prepared by *Harry Kenney*, editor and owner of *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, who has been making this collection for twenty-five years. And, by the way, while the book is almost ready for press, Mr. Kenney would be very glad to have any of our readers send in the title or verses of any good railroad songs. Address him care of Greenberg, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City. . . . .

Loren Palmer, of *The Delineator*, tells us that our statement in regard to "*E. Barrington*," namely that "Her 1927 novel treats of Queen Elizabeth and is entitled 'The Laughing Queen,'" is incorrect. He writes:

> I believe that "E. Barrington" has done a novel in which Queen Elizabeth is the central figure, but it is not entitled "The Laughing Queen." That title belongs to a quite different lady, Cleopatra, and the full title is "The Laughing Queen, a Romance of Cleopatra." It will be published serially in *The Delineator* beginning early next summer. If you add Cleopatra to Queen Elizabeth, you find that E. Barrington eke L. Adams Beck has filled her hand with a pair of queens.

James Boyd is working on his new novel in a place in Maine of which we have many fond boyhood remembrances, namely Sorrento. The book will deal with life during the Civil War period and will be published by Scribner's. . . .

Nancy Hoyt, author of "Roundabout," recently married in London *Gerald Wynn Wynne*. *Martha Ostenso*, whose second novel will appear in late October, has just returned to New York from California and the Northwest. *Archibald Marshall*, the English novelist, has been spending the summer on the island of Malta. . . .

All the best things have already been said concerning a well-known Indiana Democratic leader's horror at mention of his name in *Edna Ferber's* "Show Boat." The name in the book, the publishers announce, has now been changed to "Sam Maddock." . . .

Irita Van Doren has been appointed to succeed the late *Stuart Sherman* as editor of *Books*, of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. . .

Herbert S. Gorman's revaluation of Longfellow, in his "A Victorian American," to be published by Doran in October, should be a very interesting biography. Gorman has been in Paris collecting material for another biography he is to write after this one is published. *James Joyce* has there read to him much of a new work which he has in process. . . .

Lee Wilson Dodd, that perspicacious person, said when "When We Were Very Young" was published, "If you don't sell 100,000 copies I'll be willing to eat the plates." We haven't heard of Mr. Dodd having to make this metallic meal as yet. . . .

Our own *May Lamberton Becker*, on a recent visit to England, watched a sunrise in the company of *Sylvia Townsend Warner*, author of "Lolly Willowes," and reports as follows:

> Sylvia Townsend Warner lives by herself in Bayswater, guarded by a mysterious chow, smoke-black and as silent as all London dogs. Miss Warner is one of the few human beings who can be trusted with a sunrise.

The Selected Poems of *Arthur Davison Ficke* have now been published, and we wish to announce that this volume contains unusually good poetry. Ficke is one of our older poets of genuine distinction, and he has selected well from his work and has included a number of poems never before appearing in book-form. . . .

The life story of *Jack Black*, former burglar and yeggman, is coming from Macmillan under the title of "You Can't Win." *Fremont Older*, editor of the San Francisco *Call*, originally discovered Jack Black in jail. He got his sentence reduced and took him out to his ranch. Black has now been a self-respecting citizen for thirteen years. "You Can't Win" is his life story, and *John Dewey*, Professor of Philosophy at Columbia, and *Harry Leon Wilson*, the novelist, are two who have read it prior to publication and have found it absorbing. . . .

A section for Catholics in the Macmillan catalogue of their Fall books is The Calvert Series under the general editorship of *Hilaire Belloc*. Belloc himself heads the list with "The Church and History," *Leo Ward* treats of "The Catholic Church and the Appeal to Reason," *Bertram Windle* of "The Church and its Reactions with Science," *Father McNabb* of "The Church and Philosophy," and *G. K. Chesterton* of "The Catholic Church and Conversion." *Shane Leslie* has compiled "An Anthology of Catholic Poets." . . .

Four new collections of short stories worth anyone's attention are *Barry Benefield's* "Short Turns" (Century), *I. A. R. Wylie's* "The Mad Busman" (Doran), *Eric Walrond's* "Tropic Death" (Boni & Liveright), and *John G. Neihardt's* "Indian Tales and Others" (Macmillan) . . .

The aim of the Civic Repertory Theatre, of which *Miss Eva Le Gallienne* is president, is, briefly, to provide the best in the theatre (plays, acting, productions) at the lowest possible prices. They plan the price for regular evening performances and for Saturday matinées to be from fifty cents to a dollar fifty. At the opening date, in October, the repertory will consist of four plays: *Benavente's* "Saturday Night," *Tchekov's* "Three Sisters," *Ibsen's* "The Master Builder," and "John Gabriel Borkman." It is also planned to sell subscription tickets for ten plays, the prices to range from fifteen dollars to ten and five, according to location. The offices of the Civic Repertory are at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

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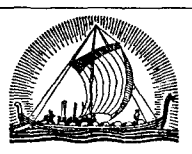

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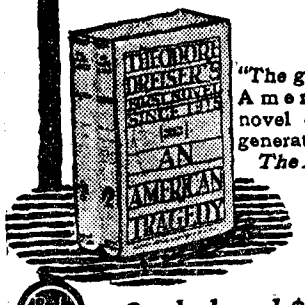

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